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Notes of the Week

MR. LLOYD GEORGE is evidently a firm believer in the spirit of place. What might not be accomplished at Downing Street, Lympne, Versailles, or Chequers is to be tried at Inverness, whose Town-hall must now be added to the Temples of Chance dedicated to the mixture of gambling and bargaining which we are asked to call statesmanship. There the group of Spanish-American, Welsh and English agitators who claim to represent Ireland will meet the group of Welsh, English-American, Scotch and Canadian politicians who represent England and, in full conclave as a miniature League of Nations, decide what is to be done with Irish Ulster. For that is what it will really amount to.

The negotiations between the Government and Sinn Fein were clearly leading nowhere. Historical analogies, quotations from forgotten Nationalist leaders, little disquisitions on the nature of nationality, little debating-society points with their openings for further controversy over abstractions—on these terms the correspondence might have gone on for ever without effecting anything. It has had, however, two useful results. It has kept the truce in being and it has committed both sides to a real attempt at a settlement. Mr. de Valera is no longer as insistent as he was on separation and a republic. He still rejects the Government's offer, but he is careful to suggest an alternate formula on which the plenipotentiaries can meet and confer. Ten minutes' talk round a table in a matter of this kind is worth weeks of letter writing.

The British Government has done well to be patient, to refrain from anything that even looks like an ultimatum and to follow up with promptness the proposal for a conference. It cannot for one moment yield

on the major issue of the constitutional and strategic unity of the two islands, nor is there in the whole of Great Britain a single section of opinion that would not support it in resisting and in quelling a separatist movement. The Irish misunderstanding of Britain has been by no means the least of the Irish difficulties, but on this point it is vital that there should be no illusions. The fullest possible measure of self-government under the Crown and within the Empire, coupled with the co-operative safeguarding of the interests that are common to both countries—that is as far as any British Government can ever go. There is no reason as yet for doubting that the Sinn Feiners in the end will close with the offer rather than risk and lose everything.

The Trades Union Congress, "representing" upwards of 6,000,000 persons, opened on Monday with an address from the President, Mr. E. L. Poulton, who "wants to see the existing State overthrown," but not all at once. Mr. Poulton defended restriction of output, and held that the best remedy for the economic situation was a shorter working week for labour. Most of the speaking during the week was at about this level. The Congress declared itself for the nationalisation of the railways and other hardy annuals on the agenda; but there was much less than usual of revolutionary matter, in spite of the evidently unanimous conviction of the 800 delegates present that the employer is the natural and ruthless enemy of the working man. It appeared, indeed, in the course of the proceedings, that some trade unions and co-operative societies are not on the best of terms with their paid staffs. Unemployment was warmly discussed, and it was declared to be the duty of the Government to provide "work or adequate maintenance." But the Congress evidently felt more than ever its own ineffectiveness as a mere resolution-passing machine, and there were many hopeful references to the new executive organ of the Congress, the General Council. That body now enters upon its duties, and is expected to act as a real co-ordinating and directing force in the trade-union movement—which, at the present time, too much resembles a movement down a steep place in the direction of the sea.

A correspondent who has just returned from an extended tour of Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania informs us that the economic position of the three small Baltic republics has been greatly improved by reason of their harvests, the volume and excellence of which have far surpassed expectations, and that this may be expected to react favourably on their political prospects. It would almost seem as if Nature had made a business of being kind to these little States, for, unlike so much of the rest of Europe, they had this year plenty of seasonal rains, and the drought did not put in an appearance till well into July—and that was of course the very time when dry weather was wanted. The winter-sown rye and wheat were got in early, and the yield is both heavy and of high quality. The other crops—oats, barley, flax, and potatoes—are all very good. Esthonia, which is sometimes termed the "Potato Republic," has such an

abundance of potatoes that she will materially add to her income by their export in large quantities. The summer-apple harvest of Latvia was enormous. Lithuania, or rather the Kovno province part of it, has always been a rich little land. The peasantry of these States, which really are peasant States, is prosperous, and this fact must tell on their political fortunes.

Mention of Lithuania naturally brings up the subject of Poland, who flings a disquieting shadow over the pleasant plains of Kovno and the whole valley of the Niemen. The possession of Vilna, the matter in dispute between them, has not yet been settled, but it is to be hoped that the League of Nations will soon find some satisfactory solution of the problem. As things are, the Lithuanians simply hate the Poles, who under a very thin disguise hold in their hands the historic capital of Lithuania, and little Lithuanian boys are being taught to-day by their fathers to say that when they grow up the chief object of their lives will be to shoot Poles. Two-thirds of the revenue of Lithuania are spent in maintaining her army of 50,000 men, and further to protect her from a chauvinist Poland that threatens her independence there is an organisation of 150,000 "partisans" ready to take the field at a moment's notice.

Yet this hardly seems the time when Poland can engage in any considerable outside adventure. She is in a desperate position financially. Money talks, and the Exchanges this week have been talking pretty loudly about the value of the Polish mark, the rate quoted being as high as 14,000 marks to the pound sterling. In these circumstances it is not at all surprising that there is something like panic in Warsaw among the governing classes and the more thoughtful of the people, who fear that unless some remedy is found their independence will be jeopardised. Patriotic Poles must surely see that the duty that presses upon them is to rescue their country from the financial morass in which it is so deeply plunged. Nor is this effort, if not put off too long, impossible of success, and it will certainly be forwarded by the appointment of a competent foreign expert which the Polish Government is understood to be contemplating.

In several towns during the past week there have been demonstrations by the unemployed of a disquieting character, disquieting not because the damage done has been particularly great, but because the spirit displayed and the assumptions behind it mean the end of both order and of solvency, unless they are checked and abandoned. Those assumptions are that every man has a claim upon the State, either for work or for maintenance, and that if neither can be provided, it is one of the rights of citizenship to smash windows, overawe Boards of Guardians, and take whatever can be had. A very slight extension of these doctrines and there will hardly be a city without its riots or with anything in its exchequer. The true remedies for unemployment, as we urge elsewhere, are industrial peace, a spirit of concord and co-operation such as seems almost to have vanished from present-day Trade Unionism, and a free labour market. It is not Toryism but mere economic commonsense to insist that the people should support the Government, not the Government the people; and we hope that the Ministry of Health will drop heavily on the local authorities who are squandering the ratepayers' money on doles that impoverish everybody and do nobody any lasting good, and that in some cases have proved to be equal to, or greater than, the wages paid in the district for honest work.

Whatever may be our views of the Germans collectively, we think it impossible not to regard with respect the virile character and the resolute policy of Dr. Wirth, the German Chancellor. The situation in Germany is undoubtedly highly critical, but he appears to be handling it with courage, energy, and success. On the one side he has to meet the attacks of the Monarchists and Nationalists—the Right—who are stubbornly hostile to the very existence of the republic, and on the other he has to face the opposition of the Communist and Bolshevik elements—the Left—which are far from negligible and beneath the surface are hard at work to overthrow the Government. As to the Monarchists, Dr. Wirth declared on Sunday last that he was prepared to employ any means in the power of the State against reaction.

At the moment the chief theatre of this reaction is Bavaria. Since the collapse of the Munich Bolshevik Government two years ago, Bavaria has been under martial law—which at first was directed against the Communists, but later has been used by the Government of that State to protect the Monarchist reactionaries, who in their papers daily assail the Chancellor as a miscreant and a traitor. Dr. Wirth has ordered the suppression of these journals, and he states that he will introduce in the Reichstag a law of libel to safeguard the honour of the men "who are in the heat of the political fight." We believe that behind the Chancellor stands the great mass of the sober-minded and industrious German people. And it must be remembered that it is Dr. Wirth who is striving with all his might to carry out the reparations.

The announcement in Thursday's *Times* that conversations preliminary to the Washington Conference are to begin forthwith in London comes none too soon. In less than two months the Conference is due to assemble. The world at large hopes much from it; diplomatists little. The latter have not yet seen sufficient signs that President Harding and his advisers have learned from the example of the Peace Conference in Paris the almost crucial importance of sound method and careful provident procedure; and there is a sort of professional scepticism among Ambassadors of America's ability to handle any large international transaction. Three-fourths of the real work of any such Conference, if it is to be successful, must be done before it meets. In this case one great opportunity was let slip when the Dominion Premiers were allowed to leave London without consulting with the representatives of the other Powers on the details of the agenda. Another risk has been run by the subsequent delay in getting down to business. A bare eight weeks is little enough for the essential spade work and the hammering out of agreed solutions on matter of principle, without which, as Paris taught us, an international Conference is apt to be overwhelmed by the number and variety of the decisions expected from it.

What Sir Trevor Dawson was saying on Wednesday in regard to the advantages enjoyed by Germany through the depreciation of the mark needs to be supplemented before it can be accepted as a full statement of the case. If a worthless currency is really the asset he seems to imply, then Poland must be better off than Germany and Russia best off of all. The truth is, of course, that a fall in exchange cuts more ways than one. It may help Germany to manufacture and to export certain classes of goods all the in-

gredients of which are procurable from within her own borders; but it tells heavily against her the moment she starts purchasing raw material abroad. If, however, we decide that Germany gains more than she loses and that it is to our interest to help to restore the old parity, then surely we are setting about the business in a very queer way. Clearly we ought to encourage Germany's exports, for the more she sells abroad the more quickly will the mark recover its former value. But the policy we are actually pursuing, if it be a policy, is that of throwing all possible impediments in the way of Germany's trading in British markets and thus of perpetuating the very handicap in her favour of which the managing director of Vickers' was complaining.

Germany is never going to oust British trade either in the home or in foreign markets because the mark is worth little more than a penny. If she ousts it at all it will be because she works harder and more intelligently and plays less; because she believes in applied science; because her financial policy is framed to encourage industry instead of hampering it; because she has studied and practised to greater purpose the ways and means of mass production, the combination of competing interests, collective selling agencies, and all the other details of business organisation on the great scale. In brains, research, hard work and in the quality of her commercial statesmanship lie whatever genuine and permanent advantages Germany possesses over us as a trading nation; and our business is to meet and beat her on these grounds and with her own weapons. The other factors that seem to favour her at the moment are transitory even when they are not imaginary. But these are enduring.

If speeches and the lofty utterances of good and wise sentiments could justify Lord Reading's appointment to India, it would already be justified. And if Lord Reading succeeds in embodying half the merit of his speeches in his official actions and rule, he will have accomplished a task of supreme delicacy and difficulty and proved those critics who, like ourselves, regarded his appointment as unfortunate, to have been wrong. His address at the swearing-in of the Legislative Assembly was excellent—paternal, even patriarchal in the best sense. Impartial justice and the keeping of order are our first duties in India; and British prestige there, as everywhere else, can rest soundly on only one thing—straight dealing, backed by a strong arm. If we try to be clever we are lost.

Dr. Nansen, whose inability to receive a deputation of journalists last week was unfortunate, has further complicated the Russian famine relief tangle by entering into an agreement, outside his official duties, concerning the £10,000,000 credit which the Soviet Government desires to raise in Europe. We should be slow to cast doubt upon the integrity of Dr. Nansen; but both parties to the settlement are so suspicious of one another that they are taking every care over preliminaries, the Russian Government fearing that the relief funds will be used to starve out the Red Army, and the other European Governments that they will be misappropriated by Lenin to further his ends. These, however, are considerations unlikely to appeal to several millions of starving and pestilence-ridden Russians. If action is much longer delayed by talk, there will be no one left to relieve. That would be one way out of the difficulty, but not the one which those concerned profess to desire.

We are glad to see, in the report of the Advisory Committee appointed by the First Commissioner of Works to consider the working of the Ancient Monuments Act, a recognition of the principle to which this REVIEW has held for many years—namely, that national monuments, be they houses or churches, in occupation or in ruins, are national possessions which it is the duty of the State not only to preserve, but to protect from the usually well-intentioned, but often fatal and meddling hand of the amateur custodian or life-tenant. It is not likely that all the recommendations of the Committee will be carried out; we doubt if in the present state of affairs it is possible that they should be; but it is something to have advanced so far as to admit that the preservation of beautiful things is a duty of the State. When it has been further recognised that the care of such monuments, the work of artists, should be entrusted to artists rather than to industrious lay officials, we shall have advanced a step further.

Scientific thought is largely in the melting-pot through the researches of Herr Einstein, about whose theories much will of necessity be said at this year's session of the British Association. Among the many other important subjects down for discussion, one which is of peculiar interest is that concerned with mind, particularly in its relation to matter. This subject, which until recent years was derided by men of science, has so asserted itself by the success of the treatment of psycho-neurosis in the war that it can no longer be neglected. The more it is tackled by men of science, particularly of the medical profession, the better; for psychology is in danger of getting into the hands of quacks and amateurs, or of philosophers who try to prove too much from it. It is a science, and must be treated solely as such; and there can be no doubt that, if it is so treated, in a comparatively short period of years it will so revolutionise medical practice that every ailment of the body will come to be treated through the mind.

The egregious Mr. Clark has quite defeated the sea serpent as a regular subject for the silly season. There seems to be no agitation, however inane, which will not serve as a means to publicity and notoriety if a man will but faithfully and without humour identify himself with it. The ex-Councillor of Tonbridge appears to be one of those people to whom pleasure is a wickedness, beauty an offence and nakedness an indecency. His extremely nasty views on marriage and bathing will not, we believe, prevail against common sense and the hot weather; certainly not in Brighton.

Mr. Austin Dobson was never very widely appreciated as a poet, and by the present generation he was practically neglected. This was perhaps inevitable in one whose manner and habit of life were essentially modest and sensitive and whose work precisely reflected these qualities. No period of literature is more contemptuously neglected by Georgians than that which Dobson graced, while the polish and nicely-turned distinction of the Villanelle and Triolet are far removed from the robust, untidy metres of to-day. But in his own very particular style he maintained a constant level of achievement hardly below perfection. Students of the 18th century owe much to his erudition, and his prose work is as distinguished and finished as his verse. If he was not an artist he was a fine craftsman whose delicate wares no connoisseur would pronounce a whit less shapely than their models. His limitations were those imposed upon any man who sets himself to revive what belongs to the past, has flourished for its appointed days in suitable surroundings, and has died a natural death.

THE IRISH PERPLEXITY

EXTREMISM seems to follow as fixed a course in Irish politics as in British industrialism. An advanced, active and well organised group captures something—it may be a Trade Union, it may be a political machine. The uncomprehending, apathetic majority in the institution thus carried by assault watches the subsequent developments with a certain sporting interest, but makes no effort to influence them. The new leaders formulate a forward policy, emit a new battlecry—it may be for a Republic, it may be for a national pool. They rely—it is a sound calculation—upon the thoughtlessness and loyalty of the average man, who rarely has a mind of his own on the questions officially submitted to him, but whose instincts of self-preservation warn him to cleave to the organisation and its spokesmen. In this way programmes are adopted in which nobody but a handful of enthusiasts has any real faith—and they chiefly because they have never troubled to think them out and are only concerned with framing an attractive slogan; and great societies, like the members of the Miners' Federation or the Nationalist electors of Southern Ireland, find themselves committed to industrial or political resolutions in which they secretly disbelieve but dare not openly disavow.

The results that follow are peculiar, dangerous, and amusing. There always comes a time when the "leaders" wish that they had not pledged themselves quite so deeply to quite such flagrant impossibilities, when they realise that the game is up, when they are busily and even anxiously searching for a way out, and when they heartily curse the dull devotion of their followers for holding them to positions which anyone but a blind fanatic ought to see are hopelessly untenable. The manipulators of the recent coal strike had many such embarrassing moments, moments when they prayed in vain that reason might descend on the followers they had so carefully misled, and when having fallen into a pit of their own digging they found it impossible to convince the stupidity of their disciples that it was a pit and not the summit of victory. A very similar moment has overtaken Mr. de Valera and his colleagues, and it is difficult not to sympathise with them in their predicament.

There they are, bound and consecrated to an Irish Republic. To one or two of them it may represent something ponderable and possible, something of which they have taken the measure and can define with a certain precision and which they have seriously endeavoured to adjust to Irish and Anglo-Irish realities. Mr. Erskine Childers, for instance, could no doubt write a book in justification of an Irish Republic as impressive as the one he wrote ten years ago in justification of Dominion Home Rule; and when the next move onward is made and "Ireland declares for" soviet government, we may have a third and equally final volume from his pen. But to most of his colleagues we suspect that an independent Republic is little more than a stimulating piece of vocal bunting and that they have never tried to work out its implications in terms of actual politics; while to the great mass of the people it is just the form that chance has given to their vague, flattering, unformulated but imperishable desire to be masters in their own household.

One must remember that in Ireland, in spite of its superabundance of politics, there has never been any real political education and that free speech as an expression of free thought has never been tolerated. The Nationalist leaders who have declaimed about self-government for forty years have never discussed it. On its tangible problems they have hardly vouchsafed a single word of definite guidance and illumination. Their main exertions have been given to reproducing in the sphere of public life the tactics and attitudes of the Church in the sphere of religion. They have been as keen as the most militant Bishop on making unity

and subservience to the organisation the supreme test of virtue; they have resented and repressed Irish criticism and independence of judgment with the same ardour; they have scented out heresies with a more than theological suspiciousness; and, like the ecclesiastics, they have played on the folk-fancy of the people and encouraged the conception of Home Rule as the magic climax to an epic struggle, an unbarring of the gates to some wonder-working political and economic Paradise. But they have never drafted a Home Rule Bill; they have fed the popular intelligence on visions and rhetoric and gasconading resolutions; they have organised politics on a committee basis with coercion as its pivot; and they have drilled it into the electorate that their function is to attend monster meetings, listen, cheer and pay.

It was in this school that the Sinn Féin leaders were trained, and though they have revolted from it, its defects still cling to them. They are just as intolerant of opposition, as insistent upon the outward show of obedience, and as quick to set in motion all the engines of local terrorism as was ever the United Irish League; and being wealthier and better organisers their power reaches further and deeper. They have done no more to educate the people than their Nationalist predecessors did; what a Republic is, what separation from Great Britain implies, how Ulster is to be treated—these are problems they reserve at the utmost for discussion among themselves and do not mention in public. They are like those Labour leaders whose shibboleth is Nationalisation and whose stock in trade is anti-capitalism and who never grapple at close range with anything. It is not so very difficult to start a rebellion on behalf of something called a republic or a strike on behalf of something called Nationalisation; but it is often very difficult to call it off. The "leaders" cannot too openly recant or admit defeat; the ninety and nine who have wearied of the whole business and only want peace dare not say so; their exasperating fidelity to the organisation and its chiefs complicates the problem of saving face; and disputes drag on long after their outcome can be foreseen of all men.

That is what is happening in Ireland now. Every week that has passed since the truce was proclaimed has added something to the moral and political strength of Great Britain's position and has correspondingly weakened and exposed that of the Sinn Féiners. Independence, separation, an Irish Republic—such things are perceived to belong to the world of dreams, and the resumption of civil war for the purpose of cloaking them in a sham reality is a project that has lost whatever appeal it ever had. Just as decisively as the coal strike was really broken when the Triple Alliance declared for neutrality, so the Irish Republic vanished when its champions agreed to a truce. It is only its shade and echo that now haunt the scene. There may be a further period of suspense and more "crises" before it is disowned either formally or by tacit implication, and some sense of what is feasible begins again to operate in Irish politics. We in Great Britain can well afford to wait.

But waiting by itself will hardly suffice. A wise statesmanship will recognise that to smooth the path for Ireland's re-entry into the British circle of nations may be more conducive to settlement than to expect from her representatives any preliminary recantations that might be taken as acts of submission. There is a hint for Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues to be had from Lincoln's remark after the close of the Civil War that his great concern was to save the self-respect of the South and to leave nothing undone that would reconcile a sensitive antagonist to acceptance of the inevitable. Nobody wants any repetition of the "Say Suzerain!" dialectics that helped to precipitate the Boer War. So long as the essentials are preserved, so long, that is, as Ireland remains part of the Empire, and under the sovereignty of King George,

it does not greatly matter whether agreement on this fundamental point is made a condition of the Conference or arises from it as its first-fruits. The substance of the result will be the same, but the method of arriving at it may come to possess in Irish eyes a special significance. A proposal that seems to emanate from an unfettered Ireland may differ at no material point from a condition that has the air of being dictated to her. Yet the former might easily be acceptable to Irish sentiment or pride where the latter would be regarded as a humiliation. There is likely, in short, to be plenty of scope for that best kind of diplomacy which recognises the importance of manner and of forms. They count in all negotiations; they may prove decisive in the negotiations that are about to take place between England and Sinn Féin.

THE BLIND COLOSSUS

AT this time last year the Trade Union Congress was still sounding the top note of aggressive confidence in the power of its enormous membership. The coming time of bad trade was foreseen by the directors of industry, and its beginning, indeed, was already announced in the mounting figures of unemployment; but the Congress did not believe in it, and was convinced that any attempt to depress wages, such as might be expected of the greed and inhumanity of the employing class, could be easily resisted. Since then much has happened. The trade collapse has grown to a disaster of which it is impossible to measure the consequences. Wages have been reduced over the whole field of industry, and if the position is to be improved, must be reduced further; yet for great numbers of unfortunate people there is no work at any wages. The miners' strike has provided the most monstrous example on record of the criminal folly with which the strike weapon can be employed, and has caused, in addition, the total collapse of what was regarded as an invincible trade union alliance. Every one of the 853 delegates at Cardiff this week had in mind Mr. Herbert Smith's confession that the miners' leaders, in carrying on a fight which involved misery for multitudes of other workers, were merely the paid advocates of a policy which they considered to be wrong and disastrous, and which was dictated by ignorant and reckless "wild men" in the districts. Perhaps the delegates realized that, for the prolongation of that agony to thirteen weeks, they had to thank the Trade Disputes Act.

It is not surprising, then, that the Congress met in a decidedly sobered mood, and that the agenda included few resolutions on political matters, and none demanding revolutionary social change. But there was no change to be perceived in the general character of the Congress. It talked a crude and simple-minded Socialism; and it was as dull as a huge assembly consisting mainly of machine-made delegates might be expected to be. Regarded as a representative body, it was, as it always is, a parody too ludicrous for words. The vast majority of those for whom a delegate is supposed to speak have not concerned themselves with his election in any way. Once arrived at the Congress town, the delegates of each great federation get together beforehand to decide how their "block" vote shall be cast on each of the issues about to be raised, and usually decide as one or two "bosses" tell them. In the Congress itself, discussion, since it can have absolutely no effect on the result, is perfunctory and brief, and then follows the solemn farce of casting the 6,416,510 votes—that is the figure this year—of which the delegates are supposed to have been empowered to dispose. By comparison, the machine-politics of the United States are a model of democratic practice.

Yet the Congress has, like any other mass-meeting, a soul of its own, and it is a restless, a Socialistic, and a politically dangerous soul. Its manipulators were aiming this year at one principal object, and that was the raising of the Congress to the position of a body

which should exercise real power over trade union policy, instead of merely passing resolutions. It approved last year of a new plan for its executive, substituting for the old Parliamentary Committee a General Council, on which a number of groups of related unions are directly represented, and having attached to it six Standing Committees, covering the broader industrial groups. This new machinery comes into operation now for the first time, and it is not likely to be idle. In addition, there has been set up this year a scheme for merging into one the permanent organizations of the Trade Union Congress and the Labour Party, hitherto separate and distinct; by this means unity of policy and co-ordinated action, as between the industrial and the political sides of Labour, is to be achieved.

All this, of course, for the better equipment of Labour as a protagonist in the class war. But it is by no means all. A resolution proposed by the Iron and Steel Trades Federation is of high significance. It begins by referring to "the deplorable consequences" to the Labour movement of "industrial strikes carried out on present lines"; and it calls for the setting up of machinery whereby the whole influence of Labour may be mobilized to bring about a fair settlement of any important dispute. "Failing such settlement," it is proposed that "the machinery and resources of the movement generally may be co-ordinated and applied in such a way as to ensure a successful issue." The plain English of this is the General Strike. The Triple Alliance failed miserably; but the Triple Alliance was a loose and ill-organized arrangement, which broke down because two of the partners could not be expected to help the third out of any hole into which it might choose to blunder without consulting them. No repetition of that mistake is contemplated. Trade unionism is seen to-day working and thinking and feeling its way towards an infinitely bigger thing, which would not break down.

In the present situation, it is thought of principally as an organization of resistance to the economic process which is now going forward, and which must go forward still until the recovery of trade becomes possible. Such resistance might work mischief enough; but in other conditions, such an organization could as well be used for purposes of aggression and subversive change. And by whom would this gigantic power be wielded? At the best, by men who have again and again proved themselves wanting in judgment, foresight and grasp of great affairs; at the worst, by ignorant, irresponsible and unprincipled apostles of social destruction. The tendency, at the moment, seems to be against making the sacrifices of trade union autonomy involved in this policy of centralized direction. But the scheme is there; and its advocates are confident that their time will come. Trade unionism, while honestly declaring itself anti-Bolshevik, threatens a dictatorship of the proletariat for industry.

There is a moral to all this, which seems so far removed from what either of the two great parties in the industrial conflict regard as practical politics that we almost despair of driving it home. Yet for those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, who can look back from results to causes, and from circumstances to first principles, it speaks most eloquently in every symptom of the economic and industrial unrest. It is simply this: that any attempt to handle or even understand such problems is futile unless both sides get back to basic facts, as elementary as the alphabet. There are laws governing this, and all such entanglements into which civilisation gets itself, which were not made in England, or in Rome, or in Europe, but are as old as the universe—laws of right and wrong, of poise and equilibrium, of cause and effect. They are unchangeable; and unless and until both sides get themselves and their desires into conformity with those laws, and educate themselves and one another in them, chaos will continue and increase. We necessarily discuss these matters in terms of what we conceive to be economic fact; but what is wanted is a

recognition of eternal fact: that you cannot take from anything what it does not already possess or consist in: that you cannot make something out of nothing: and that you cannot turn wrong into right, or make happiness out of misery, by merely changing the hand that wields an unjust power. Education in facts, therefore, both for labour and those who seek to control it, is the first and only basis for a solution of its difficulties. Until that is achieved or attempted, mere votes, or counting of heads irrespective of what is in them, can produce nothing but a multiplication of the original chaos. Education must be the watchword of industry, in its politics as well as in its operation.

UNEMPLOYMENT AND THE REMEDY

IF Parliament is suddenly summoned to meet it is just as likely to be on account of the unemployment problem as the Irish problem. The most distressing of all social and economic phenomena is that of men and women who are willing to work and for whom no work can be found in the ordinary course of industry. It is reappearing among us just now in a severe but not an unprecedented form. We have had many worse periods of unemployment before. But this one is accompanied by a new spirit, born partly of the assertiveness which Labour acquired during the war, partly of the demoralisation brought on by indiscriminate doles, partly of the persuasion that the public authorities are the guardians of some secret reservoir of wealth which, if only it could be tapped, would supply enough and to spare for all. There have been demonstrations enough already to warrant the fear that the coming winter will test the orderliness of our people and the stability of our social system with some thoroughness. It is not that trade is unusually depressed. On the contrary, there are many signs that it is turning the corner and becoming possible once more. But it is unlikely to have recovered sufficiently to save us from a winter of harsh privation and widespread idleness. Meanwhile we have to face as best we may the consequences, partly of our own actions and partly of developments beyond our powers of control.

There is not much mystery as to the causes which have produced this state of affairs. But the magnitude of the trouble and its wide distribution are directly the result of the rents torn in the material and financial fabric of our economic system by the war. Those rents, instead of being patched, were in many cases widened and prolonged by the character of the peace. Large sections of our continental markets have lain paralysed since 1914. Our Eastern markets collapsed last autumn almost in a night and have not yet revived. To a nation that lives as we do by what it exports and that keeps employed in normal times some 15,000,000 of its people in the business of supplying manufactured goods for sale abroad, such a series of shocks meant inevitably a slackening of industrial production. Nothing, so far as we can see, could have prevented it. Out of every five persons who are to-day out of work two are probably unemployed because our foreign commerce has gone to pieces.

But there is another order of causes over which we can, if we choose, exercise an effective control. It would hardly be an exaggeration if one estimated that at least half of the present unemployment is self-inflicted. It is the outcome of that policy of public finance which has taxed industry into a state of lethargy and despair and deprived it of the incentive to expansion. It is the outcome also of the ca'canny practices and Trade Union regulations and restrictions that have combined in a disastrous alliance to shorten hours, raise wages above a competitive level, increase the costs of production and diminish the total output. It is the outcome of the strikes and industrial unrest that have kept the country in a ferment of uncertainty ever since the Armistice. It is the outcome, finally, of the preaching in Great Britain of those doctrines of

class-hatred which have plunged Russia into her present chaos of misery.

What the unemployment figures help to show is that no country, and our own least of all, is invulnerable to the tri-into of bad economics and a bad social spirit. We have men in our midst who are saturated, whether they know it or not, with the Bolshevik creed, who look upon Capital as robbery, who want to see society violently overthrown and reconstructed, who believe that Labour is the sole creator of wealth and is therefore entitled to all its rewards, and whose ideas of foreign policy are a wishy-washy Internationalism and of domestic policy a furious war of classes as a stepping-stone to mob rule. The present state of Russia furnishes the most complete commentary the world has yet had on the inevitable effects of such doctrines as these. There flourish there, and nothing else can flourish with them, in full and deadly bloom, pretty nearly every economic fallacy and every form of political quackery that has ever bemused mankind.

Yet even with that appalling object-lesson before them the preachings and actions of many of the British Labour leaders are either aimed at Sovietising Britain or they are aimed at nothing. They are as desirous as Lenin himself that power should appear to be placed in the hands of that nebulous mass which in the jargon of agitation is called the Proletariat. They encourage the workers not only to believe but to act on the belief that the industries in which they are engaged are their creation, belong to them, and should be operated by them. They denounce the man in the black coat as a bourgeois and treat him as an enemy whom it is the duty of the State to crush. They hiss at, pillory and confiscate Capital, though Capital is nothing more or less than seed-corn reserved to beget a future harvest. They incite groups and sections—the railwaymen one day, the miners on another, the transport workers on a third—to act as though they were the whole nation and could pursue their own interests in entire disregard of anyone and everyone else. That is the way Russia has trod. The beginning of it is insecurity, the withdrawal of capital, the closing down of enterprise, and consequently unemployment. The end of it may easily be, as it is in Russia, a bloody and fanatical despotism ruling over a waste of anarchy and famine.

If it is not humbug, then it is an astonishing example of the power of self-deception, to find the speakers at the Trade Union Congress dissociating Labour from any responsibility for the present stress of unemployment and throwing all the blame for it upon the Government. The Government has undoubtedly something to answer for in its extravagance and the crushing load of taxation which its extravagance has entailed. But the men who have engineered the three or four hundred strikes that have occurred since the Armistice, who have deliberately impaired the volume and efficiency of British production, and who have sought to convert their hold on great industries into a monopoly, are far more culpable and far more directly responsible for the unemployment of to-day.

When they see, without recognising, the fruits of their handiwork, they at once, and with delicious impudence, call upon the Government to find a remedy. But the real remedy is one that is well within their own keeping—industrial peace. Without that, and without the removal of the obstacles that prevent migration from trade to trade and destroy the freedom of the labour market, there can be no hope of full and regular work. The palliatives they themselves recommend consist mainly of doles and subsidies and grants which demoralise the recipient and must eventually bankrupt the giver. They would be far better engaged in working out schemes whereby each industry should provide against its own unemployment. They would be best of all engaged in surrounding the conduct of industry with that atmosphere of confidence and security which can alone enable it to supply work and to pay wages.

THE HOME SECRETARY AND MR. WEISZ

By FILSON YOUNG

JUSTICE is the concern of everyone. A public act of injustice damages not only the individual against whom the wrong is done but undermines the State itself by shaking the public confidence, both at home and abroad, in the strength and integrity with which the State performs its duty. I therefore make no apology for making public the facts of the case of Norman Weisz, at present lying in Pentonville Prison under sentence for fraud and conspiracy, and whom not only I, but the majority of people acquainted with the facts of the case, believe to be as innocent of the charge as the Judge who sentenced him. Before making these facts public I communicated with the Home Secretary in the hope that he would take the necessary steps; and I understand that petitions in a similar sense have gone to him from various other quarters. As Mr. Shortt delayed his reply to me until Parliament had risen, thereby making it impossible to have the necessary questions asked in the House, there is no alternative but to draw public attention to the facts of the case.

Briefly they are as follows. Last year, owing to a continued series of frauds on the race-course connected with misrepresentation as to the ownership and identity of horses, the Jockey Club very properly decided to institute proceedings. For the purpose of making a salutary example their choice fell upon Mr. Norman Weisz, in whose name, as registered owner of certain horses, certain fraudulent transactions had been effected. He was arrested and tried, the charge being that he had attempted, in conjunction with others, to defraud the Jockey Club of £168. The case was tried before Mr. Justice Greer. Mr. Gill prosecuted for the Treasury and Mr. Weisz was defended by Mr. Douglas Hogg and Mr. Curtis Bennett. The Treasury prosecution was distinguished by a good deal of vehemence on the part of counsel. Mr. Weisz was of Hungarian birth, but had been naturalised in this country for many years. He was a pearl merchant, and enjoyed (and still enjoys) the confidence of the oldest and most respectable houses in the jewellery trade in London, the partners of such firms as Messrs. Carrington and Messrs. Welby having been most active in his support both before and after the sentence. An appeal to the passions of the jury was made, and the principal defence, that the whole of these frauds had been committed by turf sharpers, of whom Mr. Weisz was a perfectly innocent victim, was laughed at. Gilbert Marsh was mentioned as the chief of these people, but Counsel assured the jury that he was a purely mythical person, a mere red-herring drawn across the path of Weisz's guilt. Stress was laid on the fact that Mr. Weisz was an alien; and that while honest Englishmen had been fighting in the war, he had been amassing wealth as a pearl merchant. No mention was made of the fact that he had tried three times to get into the Flying Corps, and had been rejected on the ground of health. The jury found a verdict of "guilty," of which verdict Mr. Justice Greer's opinion may be inferred from the fact that after sentencing the prisoner, as he was bound to do, he released him on bail pending his appeal—a most unusual procedure. The Court of Appeal found that the jury had been in possession of the facts at the trial and that there was no case for interfering with the sentence; and Mr. Weisz was duly imprisoned.

Some time afterwards, however, the police were successful in laying hold of a whole gang of race-course crooks and card-sharpers who had been practising their wiles on another victim, Mr. Hall; and last June they were all tried at the Old Bailey and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. Among them was the mythical Gilbert Marsh, the red-herring of poor Mr. Weisz's case, the man who had never

existed. He had not only existed, but flourished; I saw his bank book, and the tale of the hundreds of thousands of pounds which he collected from lambs like Mr. Weisz and Mr. Hall. Most readers will remember this case, with its almost incredible story of "Anzac poker," infallible systems, and so on. The practices of which Marsh and his friends were found guilty in the case of Mr. Hall were precisely the same as those which they had adopted in the case of Mr. Weisz. Mr. Weisz, who had undoubtedly a gambling temperament and was making money in his business much faster than he could spend it, took to going to race meetings on Saturday afternoons. He was soon spotted by the gang, entertained, flattered and victimised. He was induced to buy horses which he never saw by a series of transactions that led up to the purchase of the famous "Silver Badge," which was sold to him as a three-year-old, it being, in fact, a five-year-old. This was the only horse he ever saw of those which he had bought. The series of silly, and, one would have thought, transparent frauds by which Mr. Weisz was induced to put himself, entirely without his knowledge and utterly without his intention, in a position of peril, can easily be imagined by people who have read the facts of the Anzac poker trial. Had those facts been in the possession of the Treasury at the time of Mr. Weisz's trial it is certain that he would never have been prosecuted. Mr. Weisz's own comment on his case is: "Outside my business I have been a hopeless ass, but ignorance should not be punished like this."

In a matter of this kind the character of the man is important; and in the case of a tradesman you go to the people who do business with him. Mr. Weisz bore the highest reputation in a business world in which character is all important. The greatest houses in London trusted him implicitly. At the very time he was supposed to be attempting to defraud the Jockey Club of £168 he was entrusted by the chief jewellers of London with an open letter of credit for £100,000 to go to Switzerland to buy certain jewels of which there was to be a sale there; to that extent at any rate people like Mr. Carrington and Mr. Welby thought him worthy of trust. Since he has been in Pentonville Prison Lloyds have sent their representative there to re-insure his business—a proceeding unprecedented in the history of that Corporation. And while he has been wearing the garb of disgrace in prison, London jewellers have re-elected him as vice-chairman of their Benevolent Society.

Obviously this is not the kind of man who risks character and reputation for a sum of £168. I have seen him, had two long talks with him, and formed my own judgment of his character—a judgment which is confirmed by those who have known him for a long time and been closely associated with him. The trial of Marsh and his confederates first drew my attention to the state of affairs of which he was the foolish victim; and when the facts came out, the explanation of what otherwise seemed to point to the guilt of Mr. Weisz became manifest. If more explanation were needed as to how this very extraordinary prosecution was instigated and pressed, the fact that the detective inspector who got up the case against Mr. Weisz was afterwards discovered to be himself a crook, and dismissed the service, would surely be enough. When I add that an agent from Gilbert Marsh (whom this same detective inspector was alleged to be shielding) came to Mr. Weisz in his office and undertook that if he would pay £4,000 the case would be dropped, the explanation seems complete. The Jockey Club, anxious to make an example of someone; a department misled by a corrupt servant; inability to discover the real offenders—these were all genuine causes acting against Mr. Weisz; but when the real scoundrels have been discovered and punished, when the dishonest officer has been detected and dismissed, it seems extremely unjust that the original victim should remain in prison.

I have searched in my mind for some explanation as

to why, in the face of so much pressure from completely disinterested people (some of them of high office and intimately connected with the case), the Home Secretary, who is himself a lawyer, should resist the conclusion that it is his obvious duty to release Mr. Weisz. The only solution is one not very creditable to Mr. Shortt which I am unwilling to press; but it does occur to me, since moral courage is not, unhappily, a necessary qualification for the office of a Cabinet Minister. Mr. Shortt has had one or two unfortunate experiences. The case of the woman who after a long term of imprisonment was found to be totally innocent (having been mistaken for someone else), is fresh in the public mind. Another case is that of the prisoner of Pentonville who recently escaped from a nursing home in London. It is not usual for prisoners to go to nursing homes; this particular prisoner, who was convicted of a particularly base kind of fraud, was the son of a Member of Parliament, who was a friend of Mr. Shortt's. The prisoner, who was suffering from a nervous breakdown, was allowed to go to a nursing home, whence he departed in a motor car and escaped to the Continent. I draw no inference unfavourable to Mr. Shortt from these facts. But he has been accused in the case of this man of showing favour to him because he was a member of a privileged class, and the son of Mr. Shortt's friend; and the inconvenient *John Bull* raised the cry of "one law for the rich and one for the poor." Is it possible that because Mr. Weisz is a rich man Mr. Shortt does not wish to run the risk of reviving this kind of accusation? It is no question of justice to a British working man: there is no popular passion to be excited by it; and *John Bull* is not likely to espouse the cause of a Hungarian pearl merchant. If the error is put right, several people will have to admit that a mistake was made; if it is left uncorrected, no one but Mr. Weisz is inconvenienced. He merely loses liberty, health and reputation. But the Home Secretary, if he turns away from the facts and, to avoid trouble, permits an injustice to continue, loses honour; which is, or ought to be, important above all.

WHERE DANTE SLEEPS

DANTE ALIGHIERI died on the fourteenth day of September in the year of Christ one thousand three hundred and twenty-one; on the day whereon the Exaltation of the Holy Cross is celebrated by the Church as Boccaccio tells. And he adds that the great-hearted knight, Guido Novello da Polenta, placed the body of Dante, adorned with the insignia of a poet, upon a funeral bier and caused it to be borne upon the shoulders of the chief citizens of Ravenna to the house of the friars of St. Francis. Had fortune been willing, Guido would have honoured his friend with a tomb so splendid that, if no other merit kept Dante's name alive, this memorial would have done so. As a fact Guido's generous thought was still-born. He died an exile in Bologna, and it was left to a Venetian admirer, one hundred and fifty years later, to put up the greater part of the memorial which stands above Dante's tomb to-day. This was only the beginning of the strange romance of Dante's resting place. The feud which broke the fortunes of Dante while living, pursued Dante dead. As a consequence, for three hundred years, the revered remains of the poet did not even lie within the tomb at which the world honoured his memory.

Boccaccio wrote his life of Dante about 1348. Already there was a desire among the more enlightened Florentines that justice should be done to the memory of the poet-whom they had exiled in life. Boccaccio pleaded "He lieth under another heaven than thine. Begin to seem now a mother; yield to him a mother's tears. Seek at least to regain in death him whom alive you rejected; nay, drove into exile as a malefactor." In 1396, seventy-five years after Dante's death, the Florentines

made a formal request to Ravenna for the return of all that remained of Dante, the man. They proposed that the dead body should rest in the Cathedral of Our Lady of the Florentine Lily, with those of Accursius the jurist, Petrarch, Saint Zenobius and Boccaccio himself. The petition was refused by the descendants of Guido, who were still tyrants in Ravenna. Similar requests were refused in 1429 and 1476. The third request seems to have been made through Bernardo Bembo, the Venetian ambassador, who built the existing tomb, with the marble relief of Dante reading at the desk. Again in 1515 and 1519, two hundred years after Dante's death, Pope Leo X., son of Lorenzo de' Medici who had made the effort in 1476, renewed the demand that Ravenna should relinquish its claim to the tomb of the great Florentine. Michelangelo offered to design a monument, doubtless for the church of Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Florence, where a modern monument to Dante can be seen to-day, a mute symbol of an unfulfilled desire which continued for five hundred years.

Pope Leo X. was a power in northern Italy at the time and particularly at Ravenna, where he had become lord of the city by virtue of the League of Cambrail. He therefore sent a mission to Ravenna to bring back Dante's remains to Florence. A surprise was in store for the mission. When the tomb was opened, nothing was found except the withered laurel which Guido da Polenta had laid upon Dante's bier two hundred years before. The Florentine delegates reported that "as in his lifetime Dante journeyed in soul and in body through Hell, Purgatory and Paradise, so in death he must have been received, body and soul, into one of those realms."

For three hundred years the secret of the empty tomb was kept from the Italian public, in spite of the fact that, in 1782, the tomb was restored and a mausoleum built around it. The grave was even opened on the orders of Cardinal Valentino Gonzaga. The official report was issued in terms which were obviously designed to hide the truth. A note made at the time by one of the Franciscan monks in his missal, however, shows that certain people knew the truth. The entry ran:—"Dante's sarcophagus was opened and nothing was found inside, so it was sealed up again with the Cardinal's signet ring and strict silence was observed as to the matter."

But the Florentines did not abandon their desire that the dead Dante should return to the city of his birth-place. In 1865, when preparations were being made for the celebration of the sixth centenary of the poet's birth, a fifth request was made to Ravenna and refused. The union of Italy had been accomplished. The authorities at Ravenna replied that the deposit of the sacred bones of Dante Alighieri in Ravenna could no longer be regarded as a perpetuation of his exile, inasmuch as all the cities of Italy were now united. It may be that the writers knew that the sacred bones of Dante Alighieri were no longer in the tomb where they had been laid. Be that as it may, while the secentenary celebrations were still in preparation, an astonishing discovery was made. A wooden coffin was found bricked up in a wall in Braccioforte Chapel, near the tomb. An overflow of water had necessitated the use of a pump. That the handle might work more readily, a hole was made in an old wall. As the mason used his pick, a hollow sound, as of something hidden, was heard. When the stones were removed, the sound was proved to come from an ancient wooden chest hidden in the wall. Within was a human skeleton and on the lid of the chest was the inscription:—"Dantis ossa a me Fre Antonio Santi hic posita Ano 1677 die 18 Octobris."

A second inscription in ink on the bottom plank recorded that Dante's bones were revisited anew on June 3rd, 1677.

The excitement in Ravenna was intense, but the fact was beyond doubt. Dante's body had been found. When the sarcophagus in which Guido da Polenta had laid his poet-friend was opened, it was empty save for a

little dust and a few bones which corresponded with those missing from the wooden chest. In the sarcophagus also were the withered laurel leaves, "the insignia of a poet," and some fragments of a Greek marble, cut from the sarcophagus on the side adjoining the Franciscan monastery. The corresponding hole in the wall of the monastery was also found, stopped up with bricks and cement in order to hide the method by which the sarcophagus had been pillaged of its remains. There could be no doubt that Dante's body was hidden in the monastery when Pope Leo attempted to bring it to Florence in 1519. The secret was transmitted to each Franciscan Superior for one hundred and sixty years. Then the bones were placed in the wooden chest and hidden in the wall by Friar Antonio Santi on October 18, 1677.

The revered bones were assembled once more and laid on white velvet in the Braccioforte Chapel. For three days, thousands of people passed them—children, many of them—that in after years they might say they had seen the writer of the 'Divine Comedy.' Some of them will be telling the story to their grandchildren on the 14th day of September, 1921.

On June 26, 1865, the body was enclosed in a double coffin of walnut and lead and placed once more in the sarcophagus of Guido da Polenta and the tomb of Bernardo Bembo. A cast of the bones as they lay in state, and the wooden coffin in which Friar Antonio Santi placed them, may be seen in the Biblioteca Nazionale at Ravenna. Using words which Swinburne addressed to Florence about another master-writer, Walter Savage Landor, we may say

"And thou, Ravenna, to thy trust
Receive and keep,
Keep safe his dedicated dust,
His sacred sleep.
So shall thy lovers, come from far,
Mix with thy name,
As morning-star with evening-star,
His faultless fame."

MARGATE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY Bath is familiar enough in literature. But of that portion of the gay world which about the middle of the century began to desert the Spas for the seaside, we have no pictures whatever. How the bathers disported themselves either in or out of the water has escaped the notice of both the novelist and the social historian. Beyond a few allusions in correspondence, scraps from contemporary journals and some scarce but whimsical guide-books and advertisements, little remains of a phase of lighter life which from the Seven Years' War to Waterloo must have abounded in humour and colour.

Nobody, I take it, thinks of Margate in terms of the past. Eastbourne or Bournemouth may sniff at the famous stamping ground of the Cockney proletariat and prosperous Israelite, but after all they are mushroom growths, with no background. Margate has a history, linked with the lighter side of the national life for nearly two centuries. For the much longer and sterner story of the little, fighting, trading, smuggling port of *Mergate*, or St. John's, which expanded into the first great English seaside resort is beside the point here. This priority in public favour, maintained for so long, was in fact inevitable, even discounting the wonderful qualities of Thanet air. For Margate was the nearest open sea with clean sands and a harbour to London in days when water transport put the side roads out of court. When patronised early in George the Second's reign, it was a dirty little town lining both sides of what had recently been an inlet of the sea, now roughly marked by the present High Street. Like all Thanet ports, this one straggled up towards the ancient parish church, which gave the place its name. It will be enough here that the town had much declined from its

former modest prosperity, though it still shipped all the grain of Thanet to London and brewed such potent ale that even the seasoned Thanet squires cried for mercy. It was otherwise rather decadent when the movement began that was to make Mergate, *née* St. John's, famous.

It was in 1751 that an enterprising Quaker, Mr. Beale, trundled on to Margate sands the first consignment of his newly invented bathing machines which are still with us almost unchanged. If the memories of even nineteenth century childhood may be invoked, what tremors must have shaken these unsophisticated, shuddering Georgians, maid, child and matron, imprisoned in the fearsome thing as it ground its short lurching journey into the deep. What a prospect there of wide chill seas and nothing else through its dread narrow portals to the shivering victim. A fate too from which there was no shrinking, at least with honour, till the direful plunge was taken and life once again seemed good. How must these swooning, hyper-sensitive Amelias have felt bottled up inside Mr. Beale's bathing machines! Potential bathers, however, were assured in the prospectus of "a guide for the gentlemen and female attendants for the ladies, to whom *strict privacy* is guaranteed." But the primitive machine had a hood, dropping into the water, within which the fair disported, apparently in the garb of Eve, but secure from marine spy-glasses. The idea of rolling in the sea as a health-giving procedure, when first instigated by the doctors, was regarded as a huge joke by a generation given to bleeding themselves white on slight provocation and sending their weaklings to drink goat's milk whey on the Welsh mountains. The wits and wags made great play with it as a passing fad. But London fashion East and West, followed cautiously by the squires of the Home Counties, took it seriously, and sea-bathing came to stay.

A demand for ampler accommodation than primitive Margate furnished produced a building boom in 1769 which has left its mark in the quiet Georgian streets and squares behind the old town and leading up to the Church; a quarter which seems as far aloof from the seething sands down below as from the remoter and more restrained activities of aristocratic Cliftonville. Up above here, in the leafy precincts of the fine old thirteenth century church, both within and without, in stone, marble or brass, may be read the story of pre-fashionable Margate—admirals, sea captains, soldiers, traders, squires, all tell their respective tales of service to the isles of Thanet or of Britain. Beneath the crowded turf, too, of the spacious churchyard must lie the dust of unrecorded Cinque-port fighters innumerable of an earlier and still more dramatic period. It was characteristic, too, of the age, that when in the late eighteenth century the visitors had outgrown the church accommodation, it was proposed to pull St. John's down and rebuild something "more commodious and handsome" in its place. But the London visitor even to Margate might fare adventurous on his way there, generally in a Margate hoy, an old local type of trading vessel. With luck it made the voyage in twelve hours, sometimes it took two days. Occasionally it was wrecked and never got there at all! The captains were autocrats and quite well known personages, like the modern skippers of great liners, while parties of friends made preparations for the journey quite suggestive of an Atlantic voyage. Chief of the lighter distractions of Margate, apart from the concerts, dances and theatricals which went forward in the new buildings, was donkey-riding—troops of what were facetiously termed "Jerusalem ponies" were at the visitors' disposal. One exuberant proprietor, breaking into rhyming advertisement, proclaims that if an Angel stood in the way of Balaam's ass, his own animals are ridden by angels every day along the lanes of Thanet!

The great gateway and other portions of the mediæval stronghold of the Daundelions, with its still rural and leafy precincts, is not even yet quite gripped

by the outer tentacles of Margate. In the Napoleonic Wars the grounds adjoining it were converted into a kind of local Ranelagh. Public breakfasts and bowling greens were provided, and there was dancing on the lawn, till at three o'clock, the bucks in their modish gigs or on horse-back, the maids and dowagers in their chariots, returned to Margate and dinner—along two or three miles of rural lanes, now mostly entrenched in brick and mortar. "No one need be alone here," writes a lady of fashion from a country house in Thanet, "for Margate, only three miles off, is the centre and compendium of gentility and *ton*." We have enough evidence to show that snobbery, which really began with the Georges, rioted here unabashed. An aristocracy, half of whose ancestors were traders, condescended deliciously to those still in commerce, who fairly wallowed in the crumbs of their favour and wrote letters to their friends which would put a modern profiteer to the blush. A dreadful storm shattered the front of Margate, including the pier, in 1808, and gave it a set-back that seems to have permanently affected its social supremacy—further injured no doubt by the new attractions of Brighton and Hastings, now accessible by good roads. Ramsgate and Broadstairs had followed distantly in the wake of Margate. But even a Ramsgate correspondent, after Waterloo, boasts that town as being "more select" than its fashionable neighbour! It came about then into especial favour with City magnates, and is now glad to advertise itself as "much affected by the higher London tradesmen." Broadstairs, always modest and never rowdy, first sprouted in a small select way around St. Peter's, Thanet, and in its after developed sea-front has been justly popular for a century with the nurseries of all classes.

ASIATIC DISLIKE OF EUROPEAN CONTROL

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT)

THERE can be little doubt that the relations between Europe and Asia will prove to be one of the gravest and most perplexing questions that the present generation will have to face. For the problem of an awakened Asia has now become a world problem and will need to be dealt with on an international basis of general agreement as to the policy to be followed. Whatever may be the ultimate solution, it is clear that the future cannot be as the past, and any attempt to deal with the question on the old lines may convert it into one of the greatest perils that has yet menaced the future of mankind. In 1905 the Mongol met and overthrew the Slav and taught all Europe that a new power had arisen in the Far East which could meet the white man with his own weapons; and so the twentieth century may prove to be one of self-denial and surrender in the Nearer East, on the part of imperialistic Europe, of conquests and rights acquired in another age. For the victory of Japan proclaimed to all that a new Monroe doctrine had been created for the Far East and that the white man must, for the future, give up all idea of further territorial acquisition and must confine his ambition to such trade and industry as were left to him.

It is, however, in the Nearer East—that is, in all the country extending from India to the Mediterranean—that the racial feeling between East and West is now gathering its strength under the impetus of new ideas and the unifying bond of a common creed. What, then, is the cause of the renaissance of this immemorial antipathy between East and West which seems to have had its origin in some long-forgotten contest waged before history began? It is mainly the outcome of two new ideas which stimulate and react upon each other—the spread of a strong nationalist spirit due to the recognition of the inherently weak claims of Europe to dominate the East any longer, and recollections of a past greatness which in some extreme cases amount to a national obsession. During the last few years

this feeling has swept like a flood over the Eastern mind, and though it shows itself in different forms, it is at one in its hostility to European ideas and political domination. It amounts to a revolt against all implications of inferiority, social, political and economic, in its dealings with Europeans.

The philosophic Hindu dreams of the return to a life as depicted in the Vedas, a life of saintly self-complacency undisturbed from without, which he feels the rigid materialistic rule of the white man has rendered impossible of attainment. The Muslim sees around him at Agra, Cairo, Delhi, and Damascus the glorious marble relics of fallen dynasties and departed greatness, and longs for the days when every career was open to the strong and ambitious, when the great could live a life free from the restrictions of external law, moral duties, and responsibilities to others with which the European has encumbered civilisation. Even the timid had then a chance to make themselves a name in some of the quieter walks of life. All the excitement and high interest of life have, they feel, been extinguished under the rigid, wooden order produced by the foreign rule. For all this which has been extinguished the foreigner has nothing to offer in exchange. Nor could he offer anything except justice and good order. But the Asiatic prefers a more flexible justice, on his own lines, where his point of view is better understood and provided for, though this in the white man's eyes is not justice at all. So long has the past grandeur of Persia been nothing but a memory, so utterly has her civilisation crumbled that, except for the living influence of her poets, there is little to recall her former proud position among the nations of the world. Omar Khayyam, indeed, is known and appreciated in the West, but little is understood of the quaint philosophy of life of which Hafiz is a master, and still less of the mystic love poems of Saadi and his rose garden with the bulbuls singing in the trees. And Turkey, the home of ancient and modern empires, heir to the civilisation of Rome, and the object of envy and intrigue on the part of every western Power ever since "his most Christian Majesty" Francis I. allied himself with Suleiman the Magnificent, has, under the hammer blows of fate, dwindled into a caricature of its former might. Perhaps the future may prove that, in losing a weak Empire, Turkey has become a strong nation and will find the means to shake off the foreign economic and international yoke. For the rebirth of the nationalist spirit of Asia dates from the revolution of 1908, when Turkey decided that her destiny lay on the southern side of the Golden Horn, and not in Europe. This great historical movement, the full effect of which has yet to be seen, marks for Asia an epoch no less important than the French revolution did for Europe. Yet, in the past, this antipathy between the two continents could not have been of the same intensity or even of the same kind as exists to-day. For did not the greatest of all world-conquerors, Alexander the Great, marry a daughter of the Persian King Darius; and did not the patrician Antony take as a wife Cleopatra, the Queen of Egypt? Moreover, in still more recent times, Shakespeare saw no objection to placing Desdemona and Othello on the stage together in circumstances which would, perhaps, be avoided in an essentially modern drama.

Yet another cause of Asiatic hostility, and one pregnant with trouble for the future, is the claim of the European to exclude Asiatics from the white man's lands, and at the same time to demand the right to rule and exploit nine-tenths of the Asiatic world for his own particular benefit. It is well to remember how recent is the colour-conflict as affecting emigration, and how monstrous the whole system must appear to the Asiatic mind. The demand of the European to pen up in Asia more than half the population of mankind, and at the same time to dominate wherever he pleases, is a direct incitement to the Asiatic to combine against the European, and to bring about what, perhaps, nothing else could accomplish, the solidarity of

Asia as a whole. Our denial of the Asiatic's claim to emigrate is worth the force behind it, and no more. Nor should it be forgotten that, however much we may dislike the fact, loyalty is only a matter of degree, and, under such circumstances as these, can be little better than a figment of the mind. The call of the race is supreme. A broad-minded settlement of this poignant problem might no doubt delay the growing hostility of the East for several generations, but if history proves anything, it proves that the antipathy of colour is incurable, and that there can be no real fusion of races which are different in colour. The strange fate that has peopled the three continents with races of three separate colours seems to have its origin in some mental law that never changes, or in some inexplicable degree of nature from which there is no appeal. It is certain that the European in the East can never merge himself in the Asiatic, for that to him would spell mental and physical deterioration with ultimate sterility as a consequence. Asia for the Asiatics is a law written into the soil and races of Asia. In the East the European never, if he can help it, accepts any other position than that of ruler. For the white subject thinks himself, often with small justification, to be the equal, if not the superior of the Asiatic King. Probably no two persons of different colour ever marry without feeling, in some inscrutable way, that they have transgressed a law that is older than humanity itself. This strange, and apparently immutable, feeling of separateness was never more strikingly illustrated than in the position of the English in India in 1857, when the chances against them seemed overwhelmingly great. Yet they asked no quarter, they suggested no terms, they proposed no truce, but fought on, clear only as to one point, that they would either continue to rule, or they would go under and be forgotten.

MELODRAMA AT THE PLAYHOUSE

By CICELY HAMILTON

SINCE the tide of public taste appears to be running strongly towards melodrama and unsubtle emotion, it is as well that Mr. Channing Pollock should demonstrate that more than adventure and unsubtle emotion goes to the making of good melodrama. 'The Sign on the Door,' with its swiftly-told, straightly-told plot, is a model for plays of its class; its comedy and sentiment are part of the story, not slabs and excrescences thereon; it demands good acting and gives what are known as opportunities to those who have the wit to take advantage of them. One of the effects of the vogue of the melodramatic play may well be a heightening of the level of English acting; no young woman could tackle such a part as the heroine in 'The Sign on the Door' with nothing to back her but a personality, good looks and the help of a dressmaker. An increase in the output of straight and workmanlike melodrama will mean inevitably that managers, London and provincial, will be less insistent upon "type" and more insistent upon the power to hold and move an audience.

The decline of the melodramatic play has been a real misfortune for the English stage; there has been no equivalent for the training given by emotional acting of the gripping and sensational species. Of old that training was received by the provincial actor in the class of play once associated with the Adelphi; but when Drury Lane drama superseded the Adelphi variety and the real attraction of the evening was not a hard-played scene but a mechanical or realistic effect—a cardboard avalanche or a railway platform—melodrama rapidly lost its value as a training ground for the actor. The minor touring company followed—haltingly and at a considerable distance—the lead of Drury Lane; and, as more and more reliance was placed upon display and the effects of the sensation scene, so less and less value was attached to the per-

formance of the actor. Parts written as adjuncts to railways and avalanches make very little call upon the talents of those who enact them; further, on a scene- and effect-ridden stage, poor acting may not very greatly matter. Pseudo-melodrama, unlike the real article, had disastrous results on the training and equipment of the actor.

In the good melodramatic play the amateurish performances which pass muster as adjuncts to scenic effects would reveal themselves instantly for what they are: 'The Sign on the Door' demands from its actors something more than ordinary competence. Be it said at once that it gets what it demands; the unfaltering treatment that is proper to a swift, thrilling play. If swift, thrilling plays and good acting have not lost their magic, 'The Sign on the Door' should bring good fortune to the Playhouse. For all the will with which she let herself go, Miss Gladys Cooper never allowed emotion to overpower the sense of character; her frightened girl of the prologue is not her frightened woman of the play. Mr. Godfrey Tearle might be made for his part and Mr. Leslie Faber, as the attractive scoundrel, is alone worth a visit to the Playhouse. A lesser actor would have overdone the scoundrelism, overdone the love-making; Mr. Faber's manner in his scene with Helen was that of an artist in seduction.

THEATRE DE LA CHAUVESOURIS

In default of other, more material, commodities, Russia at present exports her theatrical art; or rather, as far as this country is concerned, a particular species of theatrical art, the species which can be made intelligible without the aid of language. The extreme of national discomfort, want and insecurity which induces migration on the part of the artist must, when one comes to think of it, result in an increased attention to pantomime, colour and musical effect on the stage; a welter of Bolshevism and famine will have the effect of inducing the actor to cultivate those branches of his art which can be accepted and rewarded in regions undevastated by famine and the triumph of communist ideals. I have no inside knowledge of the aims or finances of the promoters of the Moscow Bat Theatre, but obviously the technique of their present performance is in part a result of the need to make themselves comprehensible to those who do not understand their tongue; hence the Bat Theatre, in its present form, is not only the product of Russian talent, invention and tradition, but of adaptation to necessity and the influence of Western Europe. Its vogue, no doubt, will lead to imitative efforts in the direction of what may be called international forms of theatrical art; but, human nature being what it is, it is likely enough that the promoters of pantomimic entertainment will find it difficult to discover a substitute for that urge of necessity which has spurred M. Balieff to success. So long as the discomforts and hardships of life in Russia are sufficiently great to induce a general desire to live elsewhere, so long, it is probable, will the Russian actor continue to excel in pantomime; for the simple reason that he will devote himself to pantomime with extreme and hearty goodwill.

It is the fashion nowadays to publish details of theatrical finance, and advertisement columns have duly informed us of the large sums taken at the London Pavilion since the opening night of the *Chauvesouris*; but personally—though with every hope that the box-office will continue to be overworked—I should have enjoyed the performance more in a theatre that held less money. One or two of the quieter episodes failed of their rightful effect at the London Pavilion, and the whole entertainment was clearly designed for a small stage and intimate, informal surroundings; it says much for M. Balieff's friendly personality that he was able, in so large a theatre, to diffuse the necessary atmosphere of something like private theatricals. The real value of his largely incomprehensible orations is

the impression they convey that he and his actors are enjoying their evening in the hearty and unsophisticated manner of the amateur who has gathered his friends to admire him.

The amount spent upon the production has not been vouchsafed to us but obviously much of it was expended in the purchase of brains. M. Remisoff's tableaux had moments of sheer beauty; the fading of the light in 'Chinese Lacquer' till the rounded human figures were reduced to the flatness of a box-lid, the pose and lighting of the befouled and ringletted ladies in 'Russian Songs of Sentiment' and the weirdly suggested background in 'Toi qui Connais'—from all these one parted with a sigh as the curtain descended on their charm. In contrast was the flaring wooden-toy setting and dressing of the hugely popular 'Katinka' and certain of the other numbers—an outward gaudiness that had its counterpart in odd strident singing and occasional screams. Of the effect of stridency upon the musical I am not competent to judge; but it seemed to me quaintly in tune with the staring colours of the background.

A rival in popularity to 'Katinka' was the 'Grand Italian Opera' wherein Mme. Birse, as the prima donna, revealed to perfection the difference between the mimicry which is acting and the "imitations" beloved on the London stage. She was more than a conceited, affected soprano. The mentality of a type—the much-flattered star—was revealed in the smile and self-conscious droop of the lids which preceded the opening of her mouth; a smile and droop betokening more plainly than speech or action the singer's conviction that she was all that mattered on the operatic stage—and that she was going to begin. As a piece of acting that smile was an absolute delight.

THE SLUMP IN FUTURISM

By HARRY TREVOR

IN spite of the Gilbertian situation created by the Poplar Guardians and the frantic endeavours of the newspapers to locate the birth place of Charlie Chaplin, it really looks as if the world is at last approaching the verge of sanity.

Lenin is toying with Capitalism; the Irish question is in a fair way to being discussed across the table instead of from behind a hedge; juries are less inclined to take a neurasthenically lenient view of the husband who shoots his wife's lover on sight. And even in music the unwritten is giving place to the written law.

The iconoclasts have made the pace so furiously that the grammarian has not had time—even if he had the inclination—to formulate new rules for the guidance of those who would go one better than the previous best. Schönberg we know has up to a point reduced his theories and practices to chapter and verse, but Schönberg in comparison with Prokofieff and his fellow *enfants terribles* is ancient history. Notwithstanding the frenzied effort of the French "Six" and the Italian goodness-knows-how-many to stagger humanity it really looks as if the super-moderns had shot their bolts and were rapidly falling victims to their own limitations.

The birth of the youngest of the Italian schools is one of the most remarkable things in the history of music. Until their advent Italian music was practically summed up in the one word Opera. For all Sgambati's efforts to focus attention upon non-operatic orchestral music, Italy steadfastly refused to have anything to do with it. Even Verdi could rarely tear himself away from the dominion of the footlights. So when Malipiero and his co-conspirators burst upon the scene, side tracking and short-circuiting everything that came in their way, it was largely a case of trying to run before learning to walk. In a night, so to speak, they manufactured a musical literature in much the same way as Berlin manufactured a night life. They dived into the

future without taking stock of the past and thanks to Mr. Marinetti's encouragement they let out right and left in fine style. No doubt as regards book-learning they had absorbed as much knowledge as seemed good to them, but like the German navy they lacked traditions. Their début was as spectacular as that of the French and Russian hotheads. Can they—and do they—last the course? From what one hears in regard to the activities of the coming season the newer music is slumping badly.

Mr. Goossens's lot is not to be envied. He is one of the arch-apostles of the new music and is bound to make a valiant effort to keep his end up. He is too old a hand to be taken in by Prokofieff, and too good a musician not to be able to distinguish between the potent and the impotent Stravinsky. He can't go on playing 'Le Sacre du Printemps' for ever. Even his warmest supporters will in time demand a change. What will he do?

Mr. Edward Clark has done his best to give the French "six" their quietus, by seeking to practise in public what he should have acquired in the privacy of the band-room. Mr. Albert Coates and Mr. Kussevitsky have played Scriabin perilously thin.

Schönberg and Orstein have ceased to astonish, and Schracker is at best small beer. The admission of Germany and Austria to a place in the sun cannot be without its effect upon concert hall activities. Such programmes as have come to hand this season have distinctly reactionary tendencies. The older order of music is asserting itself to the exclusion of the experimentalists and fantastics. Super-modernity has had a good innings and is not yet out. It made runs at a great pace but is losing its form, if it ever had any. A few of its best exponents will always get a place in the side, for it has or had some mighty hitters, but in the long run more orthodox methods will prevail. Sooner or later a composer will arise who will bridge the gap between the "down with every blessed thing" purity, and the examples of, say, an advanced school of Wagnerism. Form—not formalism—will again come into its own. Text books compiled from all that is best in the music of the past and the present will be brought up to date—with the exception of the Schönberg treatise, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Berlioz are still the last words as regards instrumentation—and though the short cuts will be many, we shall subscribe once more to rules and regulations of some kind or other. Of course we shall be told that the only habitation for those who favour such reactionary practices is an ark up a by-water in the Victorian era. Would that—during the transitional stage—we might be permitted to retire to so peaceful an environment.

At least we should escape the attentions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—the house-boat owner has always been one too many for the tax-collector—while in the event of Prokofieff or the French "six" running us to earth on the opposite bank, we would put the river and the mellowing influence of wind and tide between us and our pursuers.

SONG

Jack-in-the-hedge,
Bryony, foxglove,
Robin-run-up-the-hedge—
Sing to my little love.

Speedwell and firmament,
Duckweed and bonfire,
Zephyr, rook-parliament—
Breathe her my heart's desire.

And all ye jolly birds,
Join in our roundelay;
Sing, cockioly birds,
This is my wedding-day!

ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD.

Correspondence

THE SUPER-TAX LOOPHOLE

[To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW]

SIR,—Every millionaire with an intelligent solicitor sought by now to know that, as the law stands, he can save anything from £7,000 or £8,000 a year upwards by appropriate use of a legal device. This method of economy is in the avoidance of super-tax, and the course to be pursued is entirely straightforward and within the law. The machinery may require some skill to fashion, but, given so much, it ought to be workable. The exposition of it may be commended to the Government, which is responsible for the loophole. If they fail to stop it, in effect they will be taxing the patriotic wealthy who refrain from availing themselves of it, while the less scrupulous escape through the mesh.

The first step in the process is that of converting the taxable property into the share capital of a company with the owner as managing director and controller. No capable lawyer would find difficulty in this, even if the owner merely receives dividends. But he would point out two obvious drawbacks. Apart from the lawyer's fees for such a transaction, which would form a very modest fraction of a millionaire's income, £1 per cent. would have to be paid on the statement of the capital of the company, and another £1 on the conveyance of it to the company. On a million pounds that would be £20,000, and that alone would amount to more than two years' super-tax.

However, if the arrangement was openly and frankly made, as it ought to be, there would seem to be no point in capitalising the millionaire's whole fortune. It would be quite easy to make his life interest in the income the company's sole asset. Take, for instance, the case of a man of 60 with £40,000 a year—a very modest income for a millionaire. It would capitalise at about nine years' purchase, or £360,000, thus reducing the £20,000 disbursement to a little over £7,000, or less than one year's super-tax.

When a company is formed, it pays ordinary income-tax on income, but not super-tax. It also pays "corporation-tax" on its earnings, but that is comparatively small, only a shilling in the pound. If a company dividend is declared, a shareholder liable to super-tax must pay it on the dividend. But until they receive a dividend, shareholders pay no further tax.

The point of the matter is contained in the recent decision of the House of Lords—reversible therefore only by legislation—that if a company issues bonus shares, no super-tax need be paid on them. The issue of bonus shares appears to have been much more common in the United States than here, and has been a special feature of Standard Oil subsidiaries. Such an issue is there called a stock dividend.

Thus super-tax is avoided either if the company, Millionaire Ltd., with Millionaire pulling the strings, refrains from declaring any dividend at all, or only declares a "stock dividend." Each alternative is, of course, open to the obvious and serious objection that Millionaire as shareholder receives no cash as income. He receives nothing at all by the first course, and only scrip by the second. In effect, the capital is swollen by and up to the whole income, though by the first course the nominal value remains unchanged. By the second, fresh capital is issued equal to the income, and the real as well as the nominal value of the company's previous capital would remain as before.

In practice the nominal value of the new shares might never be absolutely equivalent to the income of which they were composed, but if the scheme was properly framed it ought to be a long way above the income as it would otherwise be ultimately received, namely, with super-tax deducted.

In effect, the millionaire would declare so many bonus shares to himself every year, and obtain his in-

come by selling them. Any competent lawyer could ensure their attractiveness by giving them cumulative preference right to cash dividends, and supporting them with a trust deed of guarantee by the millionaire.

The above plan, it is conceived, would be entirely within the law, even if a judge found as a fact that it was expressly framed to avoid super-tax. For a millionaire only, the disbursements for the first year might equal the savings, but a double or treble millionaire might save so soon as the first year of application. Ten years ago a nobleman, ingeniously advised, contrived that vast estates in Scotland should escape estate duty, and he was held justified. All Parliament could do was to insert a section in the next Finance Act to prevent repetition. And a wakeful millionaire should again be able to get his laugh in before the slow machinery of Parliament has time to act.

ALFRED FELLOWS.

5, New Square, Lincoln's Inn.

"THE ARTS OF PEACE AND WAR"

[To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW]

SIR,—In your last issue Captain Butler argues that Greece was, by the terms of the Serbo-Greek Treaty of 1913, fully justified in refusing to assist Serbia. Technically this may be so, but no quibbles can excuse her disregard of the strong moral obligation which bound her to the ally by the side of whom she had so recently fought two successful campaigns, and to the protecting Powers to whom she owed her national existence. Greece's refusal, if not actually treacherous, was certainly both ungenerous and ungrateful.

Your correspondent is mistaken when he suggests that King Constantine's critics, leaving aside the question of the Treaty, accuse him of acting treacherously because he doubted an ultimate Entente victory and was therefore unwilling to embroil his country in a war which might lead to disaster. Their accusation against Constantine is that he pretended to be neutral and yet issued secret instructions to his military commanders discriminating in favour of the Central Powers.

The following extracts from the documents published by the *Petit Parisien* in December, 1916, explain the surrender of Forts Rupel and Krounouvidiko and make it clear that a secret understanding had long existed between the Constantine Government under M. Skouloudis and the Central Powers, and that this understanding arranged for the surrender of the frontier forts and strategical positions to the German and Bulgarian Armies.

No. 663 from the confidential file—Athens, 9 March, 1916. (absolutely confidential). To the commanders of the 3rd and 4th Army Corps, of CAVALLA and SALONIKA and of the gendarmerie of Macedonia. In the event of invasion by enemies, armies the covering troops are ordered to evacuate the forts and retire taking their material with them. The sections which will probably be invaded are in the district of DOIRAN, GUEVGHELLI, the STRYMON Valley between BOLECH and TONGELION and the district of KARADJOVA. As regards the valley of the STRYMON we expect it will be on the south side of the defiles. The troops will concentrate at DEMI HISSAR and POROI. As to what to do should the Bulgars not be accompanied by Germans I reply that that is impossible. But should it so happen avoid any conflict and ask for orders. The present order embraces all the forts but actually only affects DOVALOPE, RUPEL and KROUNOUVIDIKO. Etc., etc., etc.

Signed LANNAKITSAS.

A short time later, when it was suspected that the French troops might seize Rupel and so forestall the Bulgars, the following order 27 April, 1916, was sent to all the covering troops

Order 663 must not be carried out. The forts with the exception of DOVALOPE must forcibly resist any attempt to seize them. If the Germans or the Bulgarians insist upon entering our territory for defensive reasons you must retire. Treat the Bulgars in a friendly spirit so that there shall be no fighting. Avoid provocations, etc., etc.

Signed LANNAKITSAS.

When the Bulgarian invasion took place and the

French menace no longer existed, the previous order to resist was cancelled.

Telegram No. 1484 of the confidential file. Athens, 13 May, 1916 to the 6th Division at SERES; in answer to your report No. 1411 and No. 3403 of the 3rd Army Corps, put into force my order No. 663 and postpone order 1228. Send a protest to the German troops.

Signed LANNAKITSAS.

In consequence of a report that the Bulgars were demanding the station at Siderokastron the following illuminating order was sent to the divisional general at Seres:

No. 1631 of the confidential file. Athens, 15 May, 1916. To the 6th Division at SERES. Tell the German-Bulgars that the station of SIDEROKASTRON is not included in the agreements with the German and Bulgarian Governments. That they should wait the result of negotiations. Meanwhile limit yourself to leaving a small observation post at the station. Etc.

Signed LANNAKITSAS.

King Constantine's wonderful restraint when told "that the Bulgars were ill-treating the population, beating and chasing the gendarmes and trampling under foot the Greek flag," is evidenced by the reply of his chief staff-officer

Athens, 16 May, 1916, to the 6th Division at SERES. The Acts in question concern the Governments, who have taken measures and are not disturbed by them; they do not concern the armies. Avoid all friction.

Signed DOUSMANIS.

Captain Butler's presence in Athens affords him very special opportunities for investigation. Unless therefore he can disprove this version of the "treacherous Tino Myth," the Allies must be held as justified in protesting against "the restoration on the Greek throne of a sovereign whose disloyal attitude and conduct towards the Allies during the War had caused them difficulty and serious loss."

Yours, etc.,

C. F. DIXON-JOHNSON.

Croft, Darlington.

AN IRISH REPUBLIC

[To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW]

SIR,—Your correspondent, J. W. Poynter, correctly states that "during the last three generations the population [of Ireland] has decreased." But his subsequent suggestion that "the Union regime has had that effect," is curiously inaccurate. Ireland's population increased from $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions at the passing of the Act of Union in 1800 to $8\frac{1}{2}$ millions in 1846, the year of the Repeal of the Corn Laws. The introduction of Free Trade synchronously with the development of new territories, and of steam power for manufactures and transport, caused emigration, and an increase of urban population (e.g., in Belfast), well-paid and clamouring for good food, chiefly cereals, meat and butter. Production of corn in abundance was commencing overseas, the Mississippi valley being reduced to cultivation, and Russia pouring cereals into England at low prices. Competition rendered corn cultivation, Ireland's staple industry, uneconomic in the British Isles. Farmers converted arable acreage into pasture to produce meat. Low prices at home and abundance abroad favoured the rural exodus. Agricultural labourers obtained lucrative employment in factories. A tariff on corn imported by Britain, Ireland's customer, might have improved the situation, but obviously this could not have been imposed by an independent Dail Eireann.

Ireland is economically not a "country," but part of the United Kingdom, and her rural districts have shared the fate of the remoter parts of Great Britain. Throughout most of the area of the economic unit, agriculture has become practically the sole occupation, and the population has declined. A relatively uniform dispersal of people has been succeeded by the concentration of vast multitudes in negligible industrial areas (coal and iron districts, great ports, etc.). Such typical statistics as the following (giving the population in thousands) are eloquent:—

	1851	1911
Cornwall ...	354	184 (rural)
Kerry ...	238	160
Dublin ...	405	477

"An Irish Republic," by creating a host of fresh officials in Dublin, would merely accentuate this state of affairs.

Yours, etc.,

STEPHEN DE LEIGH.

7 September, 1921.

ANIMAL PSYCHOLOGY.

[To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW]

SIR,—“Dog-Lover's” interesting letter in your last issue raises a nice point. The fact that the dog pulled up the blind both when his master wanted it up and when he wanted it to remain down surely demonstrates how unreasoning was its actions? I have noticed this often, particularly with a cat I once owned. This cat had been taught (by a former owner) to beg for its saucer of milk; but I frequently used to come upon the creature balancing itself ludicrously on its hind legs with its front paws dangling, at times when no human being was in sight, and the hour appointed for milk nowhere near. Sometimes it would sit thus for five or more minutes together.

Yours, etc.,

H. K. JAMESON.

Buxton.

AN EXAMPLE WORTH FOLLOWING

[To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW]

SIR,—Under the heading “A Practical Humanitarian,” the following brief paragraph appeared in a London paper of August 28th:—

“Lord Coleridge has presented the butchers of Ottery St. Mary with humane slaughterers. They have promised to use them.”

The action is, indeed, one of practical humanitarianism, which could be followed in every place where cattle are killed, with inestimable benefit to the animals and to the slaughtermen whose humane feelings the method would help to raise. It is by this instrument which, if skilfully used, appears to produce oblivion in an instant, that the worn-out horses should be killed in England, instead of being shipped alive to Belgium, where those which are killed are stabbed in the breast with a long knife, or battered on the head with blows of a heavy hammer till they fall.

It is practicality which counts in every department of life. May Lord Coleridge's estimable example inspire many imitators.

Yours, etc.,

MAURICE L. JOHNSON.

6, The Polygon, Clifton, Bristol.

SMALL-POX

[To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW]

SIR,—Would you kindly insert in your REVIEW a postscript forgotten by Miss Loat, who is an anti-vaccinationer, in her letter of September 3, *re* small-pox, Glasgow 1920? She gives two rows of figures; there ought to be three. I supply the third.

- | | | | |
|-----|-------|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| (1) | 1920 | - - - | Total cases, 542; deaths, 113 |
| (2) | - - - | Vaccinated cases, 400; deaths, 60 | |
| (3) | - - - | Unvaccinated cases, 142; deaths, 53 | |

I am glad to be able, from Miss Loat's own figures, to prove the inestimable benefit of vaccination. Why did she leave out No. 3?

Yours, etc.,

H. MORSE TAYLOR.
(J.P., Norfolk).

Reviews

SHELburnE ESSAYS

A New England Group and Others. Shelburne Essays. Eleventh Series. By Paul Elmer More. Constable. 12s. net.

WE have to confess that we are not acquainted with the ten collections of criticism which have preceded the volume before us, nor do we know why they are called "Shelburne Essays," nor whether Mr. More is the author of them all. We presume, however, from the fact that a general Index closes this book, that we have before us the last instalment of a complete edition of Mr. More's critical works. We judge him from these chapters to be an American critic of repute, whose characteristics are here so consistently revealed that we can write of him broadly in spite of the fact that his earlier publications are at present unknown to us. His attitude to literature is sane and conservative; in comparison with some of the fantastic outbursts of lawlessness which have reached us of late from America, it is almost old-fashioned. Mr. More is aware of the changes of taste, and he knows that the tombs of the prophets have been profaned, but he takes no part in the profanation. He would rather lift a carving on a corner-stone lying dishonoured in the dust, and fit it reverently into what remains of the ancient building. He can quote Longfellow without a sneer and find delicacy in the lectures of Edwin P. Whipple. In everything he desires to be "of the centre," and avoids the exaggeration of praise and blame as he would the plague.

His interests, as is natural, are principally American, and we may presume, from the fact that it gives its title to his volume, that he is best pleased with his opening essay, which deals with the Colonial poetry of the Puritans. He has a sympathy with these doggerel hymnists who sang "the oracles of God through the nose," and at the same time he has a fitting sense of their inferiority in talent. But we hardly know to whom his observations are addressed, since they deal rapidly and slightly with what has been described over and over again with far greater deliberation and detail by such historians as Professor Moses Coit Tyler and Mr. W. P. Trent, to mention no other authorities on the Early New England literature. On the other hand, the point of view from which these infusorial bards might be made interesting, namely the comparison of their works with those of English poets of the same age, is wholly neglected. We suspect Mr. More to be weak in this line of investigation. For instance, we find him acquiescing in somebody's view that Anne Bradstreet's "To the Muse lately sprung in America," which was published in 1650, in discipleship of Phineas Fletcher, "is very much like such then antiquated work as the 'Nosce Teipsum' of Sir John Davies (1599)." It is as much like it as chalk is like cheese. Again, Mr. More sees in these fanatic poetasters of Colonial New England "an appalling energy and straightforwardness of imagination." This last is exactly what they lacked. Mr. More quotes, in this connection, the grotesque lines of Michael Wigglesworth, in which he makes God, when the souls of unbaptized infants appear before the Judgment Throne, pack them off, in shocking doggerel, to "the easiest room in hell." Now it must be plain that if Wigglesworth, a virtuous invalided physician, who practised in the time of Dryden, had possessed an ounce of imagination, he could not have penned these stanzas. Mr. More confounds a certain vigour of fanatic invective, based on absence of imagination, with a genuine gift of fancy.

Several essays are devoted to figures of a much later period, when New England had produced a school of genuine writers, whose influence has now passed away, but whose names and a selection from whose writings will always retain the attention of sober readers. Mr. More writes well, though always, we are bound to

admit, rather superficially about these men. His highest admiration is reserved for Emerson, of whom he says that it "becomes more and more apparent" that he is "the outstanding figure of American letters." We are not moved to challenge this statement, although a claim might be made, not merely for Poe and Walt Whitman, but for Hawthorne. But Mr. More is on the whole very sound in his judgments on the school of Massachusetts. This passage on Lowell is excellently worded:—

After the first crude effervescence of youth, Lowell charms us with his grace and dazzles us with the fecundity of his invention; we say that there never was a fellow like this to amuse and entertain. But somehow the interest does not quite hold to the end; we are a little irked to find that he never entirely controlled his own faculties; we never touch bottom with him, not so much because of the depth of his mind as because of the drift of its currents.

After so penetrating a sentence, we are surprised to find the merit of Charles Eliot Norton extravagantly lauded, but here personal friendship seems to have disturbed our critic's balance. Like the sermons of Dr. Dodd, the writings of C. E. Norton, "are nothing, appeal they to what they may." Mr. More expatiates at length on "The Education of Henry Adams," which is, indeed, a remarkable autobiography. In his attitude to all these New Englanders, we feel that Mr. More's sympathies are captivated by their moral austerity and passionless lucidity. He has a curious passage in which he applauds the poets for their "absence of erotic appeal," and rejoices to think that an appreciation of Bryant and Longfellow and Whittier proves the admirer not to be "dulled and vulgarized by the strident conceit of modernity." There is not a trace of Dada about Mr. More, we must cheerfully admit.

Towards the end of his volume, Mr. More turns to English authors and English customs. Here he is friendly and well-informed in a lengthy examination of Oxford as revealed in the "Recollections" of the late Mrs. Humphry Ward, to whose writings and attitude he is very indulgently drawn. He regards her with awe as the one great writer who, to quote his own words, "wrought manfully to lead England out of the Cimmerian bogs of Victorianism, yet somehow is heartily despised by the younger generation which walks the sunlit ways of our peaceful, spacious Georgian world." If this is irony, it is not very happily expressed, but we think that Mr. More is captivated by Mrs. Ward's emphatic teaching. He likes her better than he likes "the very much otherwise reformed young wits now gasping their discontent in London." Samuel Butler is another object of Mr. More's admiration, only, oddly enough, he "draws the line" at Butler's great novel, "The Way of All Flesh," which he describes as "bitter, malignant, base, dishonourable and dishonest." These be strong words. His essay on "Viscount Morley" is a review of the statesman's "Recollections," which Mr. More thinks shows a considerable decadence. That book was received in England with a uniform chorus of eulogy, and it will do the thorough-going admirers of Lord Morley no harm to read what a candid American has to say on the other side. He touches very pertinently on several political inconsistencies, and is quite sprightly in excusing himself for criticising in detail the work and words of one who has been, "after all, a minor figure in the politics of the day." Lord Morley's disciples will not like that, nor the charge that all his life he has been "deliberately undermining culture and society."

AN EMINENT VILLAIN

Burke and Hare. Edited by William Roughead. William Hodge & Co. 10s. 6d. net.

NO criminal's name in the "Notable Trials Series"—of which this is the twenty-seventh volume—is more eminent than William Burke's. Not to the magnitude of his crimes, though he and his equally fiendish associate, William Hare, committed sixteen murders in

less than sixteen months, does he owe his "bad eminence." Palmer, the Rugeley poisoner, gave his name to an Act of Parliament. The statute which enables the *venue* to be changed when local prejudice against a prisoner is so strong that he cannot obtain a fair trial in his own district, and which was originally passed to remove the trial of the Rugeley doctor from the Staffordshire Assizes to the Central Criminal Court, is still known to lawyers as "Palmer's Act." To Burke belongs the higher distinction of having contributed a new and convenient word to the English dictionary. "Burke him! Burke him! No rope for him!" shouted the great crowd at his execution, in delicate allusion to the ingenious method by which he and his confederate smothered their victims in order that their bodies might not show any marks of violence when they were sold as "subjects" at the house in Edinburgh where the famous Dr. Knox instructed some 500 students in the beneficent science of surgery. Thus, nearly a century ago, did this diabolical Irishman, with the assistance of a Scottish crowd, come to enrich the English language with a word still in frequent use.

If Mr. Jerry Cruncher had known how his "agricultural" pursuits were to be abused, he might, being an "honest tradesman," have abandoned them rather more readily than he did. From the stealing of dead bodies from their resting-places for the purpose of providing lecturers on anatomy with "subjects" to the murdering of "daft" men and abandoned women with the same mercenary object was, after all, but a little step in so ghoulish a business. The surprising thing is that, so far as known, it was left to Burke and Hare to take it. Mr. Roughead, in his admirable introduction, shows how inadequate the lawful supply of "subjects" became as the study of surgery grew, and alludes to the iron bars and gratings in the older Edinburgh graveyards as testifying to the widespread fear of the "Resurrectionists." In a letter written by Sir Walter Scott to Miss Edgeworth soon after Burke's execution, which Mr. Roughead does not include among his many literary allusions to what Scott himself called a "black and unnatural business," may be found further testimony to the general dread of the body-snatchers. He informs her that, when Lady Scott died, "the cemetery was guarded, out of goodwill, by the servants and dependants who had been attached to her," and adds, "were I to be laid beside my lost companion just now, I have no doubt it would be long before my humble friends would discontinue the same watch over my remains." So keen, indeed, was the demand for "subjects" that Dr. Knox—who figures as "Dr. K—" in Stevenson's grisly tale, 'The Body Snatchers'—appears to have encouraged Burke and Hare in their ghastly doings by never inquiring how they came by their prey. Hare, a more repulsive villain, if possible, than Burke, escaped the gallows by giving evidence against his partner. Against the celebrated surgeon, in many respects the most interesting figure in the horrible drama, no definite charge was ever made. He was eventually driven from his lecture room in Edinburgh to a small practice in Hackney, where he died in the early sixties. To read this record of the "black and unnatural business" is to realise that Nemesis can sometimes be merciful as well as just.

Whether Hare, having saved his neck, was ever troubled by his conscience, is unknown. Burke, with sixteen names on his sanguinary roll, is to be numbered among the notorious criminals who have been supposed to die in the odour of sanctity. "So may all my earthly chains fall!" he is reported to have exclaimed when his leg irons were struck off before he mounted the scaffold. Nor was the heartless scoundrel unconscious of social traditions when, at the same solemn moment, he was offered a glass of wine. "Farewell to all my friends!" was his last toast. His end was not wanting in poetic justice. When he was executed in the early days of 1829, the dissection of the bodies of murderers had not been abolished, and his skeleton may still be seen in the Anatomical Museum of the

University of Edinburgh. Whilst his body lay in the anatomical theatre, "seven females"—so runs a contemporary record—"pressed in among the rest of the crowd to view the corpse." Some advocates of the equality of the sexes, especially those who see nothing unbecoming in the presence of fashionably attired women at very unpleasant trials in our own day, may regret to learn that these seven champions of women's rights, "were roughly handled, and had their clothes torn by the male spectators." The trial of Burke, though it does not make very agreeable reading, has, like all the famous trials in this excellent series, its interesting sidelights for the reader who is not a criminologist. Mr. Roughead's long introduction has a lightness of touch that redeems even the most sordid of criminal tales.

A JEWISH PARODY OF DANTE.

Tophet and Eden. From the Hebrew of Immanuel ben Solomon Romi. Translated by Hermann Gollancz. University of London Press. 10s. 6d. net.

WE have no sympathy with the criticism which rejects a work because its interest is remote and its form unfamiliar. We were therefore prepared to welcome the translation of Immanuel's 'Tophet and Eden,' which has been issued, on occasion of the centenary of Dante, by perhaps the most learned Rabbinical scholar whom we possess, Professor Hermann Gollancz. We should be very sorry to say anything which would seem disrespectful to the erudition of Dr. Gollancz, but we must confess that we have read his version without the pleasure which we expected to derive from it. No doubt 'Tophet and Eden' is a remarkable curiosity of literature, but we find it impossible to persuade ourselves that it was intrinsically worth the trouble which the Professor has taken in making us acquainted with it.

Let us describe, with his help, what it is. Immanuel ben Solomon Romi was an Italian of Jewish family, who was born in Rome probably in 1270, and was therefore some five years younger than the Florentine Dante. Dr. Gollancz calls him "Dante's friend," but adduces no evidence that the two poets had any personal acquaintance. In or about 1330, Dante having been dead for nine years, Immanuel produced 'Tophet and Eden,' which is printed in the edition of his Collected Works, called "Mechaberoth," but has never been rendered into English before. We are obliged to say that it might well have been left in its original form, for the delectation of Hebrew scholars. We are told that the style of Immanuel is "smart, gay and light"; but gaiety and smartness are not the qualities revealed in 'Tophet and Paradise.' The poem is a moral satire, built up with surprising closeness on the lines of the 'Inferno' and the 'Paradiso.' It is written in a kind of rhymed prose, which Dr. Gollancz has exactly followed, in the following manner:

Wisdom is a ladder placed upon the earth,
The top of which Him doth reach who gave the world its birth;
And to the degree that man by steps on high doth mount,
He will by his ascent approach the Everlasting Fount;
While him who holds himself afar, He, the Exalted, will not hail;
Aye, in body and in soul he will of a surety fail.

If a translation of 'Tophet and Eden' had existed in the days of Martin Tupper, we should have been tempted to think that he founded his style on that of Immanuel.

But we ought to give an outline of the satire. Immanuel was shocked, at the age of sixty, by the sudden death of a man whom he had long intimately known, and this led him to reflect upon his own latter end. He had a vision, in which the prophet Daniel appeared to him, "the man of delight," whose countenance was like that of an angel of the Lord. The poet desires to visit Tophet, the grave of the wicked, and Daniel, who takes the place of Virgil in Dante, agrees to conduct him thither. Immanuel seizes the hem of Daniel's

garments and they descend together into the Valley of Corpses. They traverse it till they come to the gate called Shallecheth, which is the entrance to Hell. They observe, at great length, the horrible torments of the damned. Then, without any hint of Purgatory, they climb a ladder and enter a seven-fold city of living light. Now, says Immanuel,

While we about the streets of Eden were turning,
And seeing what grade the men of Wisdom were earning,
I observed men filled with honour and majesty's spark,
Compared with whose beauty sun and moon were dark.

They were all of what Thackeray calls "the Jewish persuasion," and Immanuel gives a great list of their names, from Abraham and Sarah down to "the righteous" "Rabbi Isaac," who was the Pope's physician in Immanuel's own day. There is a profusion of gorgeous ornament, gold and chrysolite and sapphire and silver, but the poet's imagination, when he ceases to be inspired by Dante and the Apocalypse, carries little conviction.

Perhaps the most interesting passage refers to a young Jewish writer of Rome, Master A.B., whose name Immanuel refrains from giving, who "of all the poets of the time has given us of the fulness of his songs." There is a long analysis of the works of this bard, whom Dr. Gollancz does not seem to have identified. We gather that in the fifteenth century, literature in the Hebrew language was extensively cultivated in Rome. This is curious, and so is the whole of 'Tophet and Eden,' but we should need to know much more about the general movement of mediæval Jewish poetry before we could decide what value it possesses for us Gentiles of the twentieth century.

WHAT IS SCIENCE?

What is Science? By Norman Campbell. Methuen. 5s. net.

DR. NORMAN CAMPBELL takes his reader by the hand and says, gently but firmly, "My friend, I am going to show you how to think." The method might be made the foundation of almost all adult teaching of the Workers' Educational Association type. The history and content of any science or art might be set out in such a fashion that the student, consciously or unconsciously, realises the satisfaction of thinking fully and accurately, a thing which text books seldom do. The first essential is to see science in its relation to the rest of experience. We are apt to forget that the existing divisions between the arts and sciences are of recent growth. Greek learning formed a single whole. Indeed, there was a time when poetry was an expression of the all of men's knowledge. It is the expression of the all of experience among certain happy tribes to-day. The Pueblo Indian tells how the sky-god passes across the heavens, with the blazing shield of the sun's disc in his hand, and vanishes at last beyond the portals of the dark underworld, where the spirits of the dead are at rest. This is, at once, the poetry, religion and science of the Pueblo Indian. Dr. Campbell reaches down to first principles when he tells his W. E. A. student that the primary and fundamental object of science is to satisfy man's intellectual desires. True, science has applications to practical life; but its truth arises from its value as an instrument of intellectual satisfaction. As a tremendous instrument of research, science can only be mastered by long and laborious exercise; but everyone living in the world of work can and should appreciate the aims, methods and uses of Science. This is only possible when knowledge is regarded as a whole.

Very good, too, is Dr. Campbell's insistence upon the fallacy of neglecting the imaginative element, which inspires science just as surely as it inspires art. Retelling the story of Newton and the apple, he recalls that the early calculations did not justify the belief that the force which made the apple "fall" also kept the moon in its orbit. The estimate which Newton used

as to the distance between the earth and moon was incorrect. But Newton probably felt no doubt about his conclusion, though he had to wait years for the full proof. So soon as the thought came that the fall of the apple and the fall of the moon might be due to the same thing, he was sure. He said to himself, "so beautiful an idea must be true."

THE ART OF ESCAPING

The Escaping Club. By A. J. Evans. John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.

MAJOR EVANS, the Hampshire cricketer, attained that rank in the Flying Corps, in which he did gallant service. It was his luck (whether good or bad it would be hard to say) to be twice captured by the enemy when making forced descents in his territory, once in Flanders and once in Palestine. He thus spent a long time in various German and Turkish prisons; and as he held the sound view that it is a prisoner's first duty to escape, he had ample opportunities to put his theory into practice. In this book he gives a plain and forthright account of the methods which he and his fellow-prisoners adopted to circumvent the vigilance of their gaolers, and of the adventures that befel him in the course of his successful, as well as his more numerous unsuccessful attempts. A book on such a subject cannot be dull; it reads like an account of some gigantic game, and appeals to the child in us all by virtue of that, and of the thrill which the knowledge that it was "real," and that the rifles of the sentries were real rifles with bullets in them, imparts. Disguises, tunnels, traced maps, concealed provision hoards, compasses hidden in cakes, wire-cutting, false partitions, dummy figures—all the properties ever imagined by the escaper of fiction are here employed in fact, and make excellent reading. Incidentally, we are interested to note that Major Evans apparently suffered no indignities or indeed injustice from his captors in the prison camps of Gütersloh, Clausthal, or Ingolstadt, and has no grievances except against the Turks, as to whose methods and conduct, individually and as a race, he becomes almost eloquent. The book owes nothing to the style in which it is written, for the writer is innocent of art; his merit lies in his simplicity, and in the sense of conviction inherent in his narrative, which we can recommend to those who desire, for a change, a cheerful bit of reading about the war.

LOVERS AND FRIENDS

Lovers and Friends. By E. F. Benson. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. BENSON'S original intention most surely have been to develop more fully the idea of the rich bachelor who had determined never to marry except in the extremely improbable contingency of meeting a woman who should exactly resemble a sculptured head which had been dug up in the Erechtheum, and purchased by him from the executors of a German collector. This work of art is introduced with detailed elaboration, and stress is laid on Lord Matcham's worship of it in its hidden niche in the wall of the old Chelsea house where he keeps his solitary state. The impression is created of a poetical recluse, half-seriously fondling a bizarre fancy; and when, at a commonplace party, he unexpectedly finds himself face to face with the living image of his dream, the reader's anticipatory interest is engaged. Now, it seems, we shall part from the cheerful triviality of the opening chapters, and pursue a tale of character and temperament, touched, it may be, with a sense of the fantastic. The expectation is falsified, however. Matcham is rapidly revealed as the familiar husband of the misunderstood woman of fiction; a conscientious, though not brilliant, worker,

a long-suffering mate; rather fulsome, rather short-sighted, rather dull. His wife, Celia, is meanwhile becoming about as troublesome as a selfish, chilly girl may be expected to be when, devoid of any definite aims, ideas or desires, she has married the least objectionable man in sight on the ground that a woman must marry somebody.

There seems no particular reason for alluding to the likeness existing between her and the Greek sculpture, which, indeed, at once disappears almost entirely from the story. Celia finds that she likes her husband even less than she foresaw; nor does she care much, apparently, for anybody else, until she becomes intimate with a highly offensive person called Vincent Douglas, a Member of Parliament ("handsome in the prize-fighter style"), a king's messenger, openly exulting in his "cushy" job when his contemporaries are fighting, and, according to her description of him, in which he easily concurs, a cad.

He has, however, what will appear to some the rather easily acquired reputation of a wit, and maintains it by a steady flow of cynicisms couched in a form which "the fools" in the House of Commons accept, so he says, as epigrammatic. Belonging to a social set which unceasingly "showed off" in a similar way, Celia found these conversational fanfares more to her taste than the guitar-strumming and double-bass bowing of her husband, who, with the simplicity of his kind, encouraged the perilous friendship to the best of his ability. As a consequence, Celia fell in love with Douglas, or so we are told; although there is not much evidence of the fact, beyond her own confession to Matcham, after Douglas had lost his life in a torpedoed ship. Her awakened passion, in any case, had led her into no indiscretions; and there is a hint, in the last few sentences of the book, that, this danger being removed, husband and wife were on the brink of a better understanding.

Stripped of its ornaments, that is all the story; and it is told, particularly towards the end, in an oddly perfunctory manner, as if the writer himself had lost interest in the main theme, and was greatly more concerned with the dialogue and excrescent description which fill so many of the pages. As to the success of these, opinions will differ. The author, as he has often proved, can write very engagingly in some veins. In 'Lovers and Friends' much of his scenery is charming, some of the talk between the "soldier boys" is amusing in the manner of the "Babe" and his Cambridge friends, and the whole novel is moderately readable. But Celia's posing, sponging father, and her magpie of a mother, are rather threadbare creatures of burlesque; and over the whole company of her friends, peppering each other with exasperatingly smart remarks, and talking "Dodo's" particular brand of nonsense, hangs the atmosphere of "the nineties." Those were delightful literary years—especially for those of us who were ourselves in "the twenties" at the time. But the formal epigrammatists were long ago found out, slaughtered and interred, even if there may yet be survivors in the circle described in this tale; and it may be questioned whether it is worth while to attempt to revive a taste for their verbal juggleries, at least until the memory of their former triumphs has become greatly more dimmed.

THREE NOVELS

Intensity. By Constance I. Smith. Melrose. 6s. net.

The Pleasant Husband and Other Stories. By Marjorie Bowen. Hurst & Blackett. 8s. 6d. net.

The Next Comer. By Kate Jordan. Eveleigh Nash. 8s. 6d. net.

ART, in particular minor art, falls an easy prey to convention. And convention is a wide term. These three books, widely different in all else, are none of

them immune from some aspect of it. It embraces many shibboleths none the less stultifying because some of them are uttered in a new language. The modern shibboleth is most rigidly expressed by those who proclaim war on convention. The younger novelist of to-day, in arms against the bondage of the letter, and with his volume of Tchekov in his pocket, is as prone as his more stereotyped predecessors to become subservient to a formula.

This formula Miss Constance Smith has not altogether escaped. In her new novel 'Intensity' it has set its seal upon her style, though it has left her outlook free. The story is a simple one. It is centred on five people; Robert Jennings, a suburban clerk with literary tastes; Celia his wife; Leonard Hyde their lodger; Celia's father and her niece. To these last Celia stands guardian; to her father because he must be protected from his failing for drink—to Gwennie because she is motherless. Robert, solemn, plain, and in love with Celia, imagines that she dislikes passion and the expression of it. Celia, gallant, practical and wholesome, with humour to save her from the ordinary, is longing for what he does not give her. The development of the situation must therefore rest with Leonard Hyde, chartered accountant and sentimentalist. It is an old situation—the conflict between passion and duty. The formula would doubtless decide that passion must win the day, but it is checkmated by Celia's character, and in Celia with her trenchant tenderness towards her responsibilities, Miss Smith has given us a living creature. She is flesh and blood, and at her touch her limited surroundings quiver with the life, the purpose, the complexities, the thousand vibrations of the early day.

Miss Smith's book is a very slight one. It is frankly suburban in many ways apart from its setting. Treated differently it might have been no better than the many stories of villadom which appear in the lesser magazines. Instead it is a piece of work worth reading. And this is not because Miss Smith's style is in the uniform of the moment. It is rather because she can perceive, and make others perceive, the myriad shining and intricate threads from which the commonplace is spun.

For Miss Marjorie Bowen, on the other hand, the commonplace holds fewer charms. She prefers the romantic, though in her new book the dividing line between the two does not seem to us as well defined as it might be. 'The Pleasant Husband' is a volume of short stories—for the most part historical. They might be the echoes of many others we have read. Here convention wears a familiar dress, though it changes it often, and appears now in Roman armour, now in ruffles and knee-breeches.

Here too are the things which belong to such apparel; duels and intrigue, faded love letters, plot and counter-plot, battle, murder and sudden death; and with it all the course of true love running smoother than its wont. Here and there Miss Bowen presents a sudden situation; her writing is always graphic and picturesque, and real knowledge of history gives it a background, but, remembering her other work, we feel that these stories are not worthy of her pen.

And what of the convention of melodrama? Miss Kate Jordan in 'The Next Comer' certainly gives it us in full measure and running over. France, Spain, America and California are the countries she chooses for her *mis-en-scene*.

A lonely young wife, a strong silent husband, a passionate Spanish lover, a sinister Basque servant, are the chief characters in her caste. Here is material for excitements and love-scenes galore, and Miss Jordan makes the most of it. Elsie Maury, through a series of accidents, is left alone in a mountain villa with her lover. She decides to yield to his entreaties, and writes a letter to her husband to tell him she cannot return to him. Half an hour afterwards her lover is murdered before her eyes. Elsie, after a long illness,

returns to America to find that her letter of confession has never reached her husband. She determines to keep silence, and returns to him as a friend. Thence forward her growing love for the heroic Maury is haunted by the fear that the letter will one day find him. We need not say that in spite of the machinations of the Basque, the villain of the piece, the ending is a happy one. Miss Jordan deftly sustains an intricate plot and keeps us on tenterhooks till the last moment.

A MODERN SAINT-SIMON

My Memoirs. By Prince Ludwig Windischgrätz. Translated by Constance Vesey.. Allen & Unwin. 16s. net.

AFTER he had done his utmost as Hungarian Food Minister in 1918, incurring popular hatred by commandeering the maize-crop to feed starving Austria, Prince Ludwig Windischgrätz, while an exile in Switzerland, found himself accused of having embezzled money that should have gone to the purchase of potatoes, and other things. Some ruffians also set upon him and tried to throw him over the bridge at Berne. These evil machinations he attributed to the agents of Count Karolyi, at that time a transient and embarrassed Prime Minister at Buda Pesth. *Facit indignatio* this book, in which his opponent is by no means spared. But, in common fairness, it must be pointed out that the Count had long been recognised as leader of the Independence Party in Hungary, and that, with the collapse of the Dual Monarchy, his opportunity seemed to have come. He may have been a defeatist, but he was not necessarily a traitor. Only, like all aristocratic revolutionaries, he failed to control the forces he had set in motion. He simply made ready the way for the Terrorists, Bela Kun and Szamuely.

Despite its extreme bitterness of tone, this is an uncommonly interesting study of a momentous decline and fall. Keenly anxious to "do his bit," Prince Windischgrätz, like our own Winston Churchill, was evidently doubtful whether arms or the tribune were the fitter sphere for his talents on the outbreak of war. At times his "place was at the front," at other times he rushed back to make fiery speeches in the Hungarian Parliament. He commanded a battalion of boy volunteers in the Carpathians; and out of 1,350 nearly 1,000 fell victims to hunger and exposure. And "all this was by express order of the Supreme Command, the intention being obviously to abandon my battalion to destruction." This sentence earmarks the book, so to speak. Clearly we have here, though at a long distance, another Saint Simon, who mistakes incompetence for malignancy, and puts sinister constructions on remarks that may have been innocent. The Austrian Supreme Command was fatuous enough, but it cannot have deliberately thrown away its troops. Prince Windischgrätz resembles Saint-Simon, too, in the zeal with which he offered his advice while himself avoiding responsibility as long as he could. He stood high in the confidence of the luckless King-Emperor Karl, and just as Saint-Simon used to bombard the Duke of Burgundy and the Regent Orleans with projects of reform, so did his latter-day imitator press upon the distracted young sovereign plans for an honest franchise in Hungary, and autonomy all round for the ragout of races. But when office, even the Hungarian Premiership, was held out to him, the Prince declined on the score of youth and inexperience. His paper-designs miscarried, of course; Tisza, an ingrained Tory, made change impossible in Hungary; and while the Emperor was afraid to show his hand, though a thorough innovator at heart, the Croats and the Czechs were quietly working out their own salvation. The picture of distracted counsels, disaster following on the heels of hope, the desertion of placemen and German perfidy is uncommonly well executed. Here is a maxim of ineptitude truly Austrian: "The Foreign Office must not learn what policy the Supreme Command is pursuing."

Prince Windischgrätz has some of Saint-Simon's skill in portraiture, though he does not quite get to those "little squat men with fiery eyes" or "very beautiful ladies with much virtue and some wit," who step out to us from the Frenchman's pages. He is severe on his own order, which turned up its aristocratic nose at him because he was with newspaper editors. Of individuals, we seem to come near to Dr. Wekerle, the Hungarian Premier, who when everything was going to ruin, used to shut himself up in his office to elaborate scheme of post-war finance, and who purred up to the last, "There will be no revolution." The Prince had an interview with Tisza, and a dramatic one too, in the very corridor where the Communists shot him a few weeks later. The charming, incompetent soldier Conrad and the pedantic Arz pass before us, and the Austro-Hungarian revolution, like all revolutions, had its veiled lady. But Count Andrassy, whom the Prince persuaded the Emperor to create Foreign Minister at the half-past-eleventh hour, is rather sketchily drawn. He may have possessed signal merits, but he was inconveniently fond of resigning. And so the poor young Emperor, with his devoted wife at his side, was left to his fate at Schönbrunn, "the guards dispersed, the servants forgetful of their duty, the great State rooms empty." Yet the Hapsburgs in their time have made some figure in the world.

Shorter Notices

Sport in a Nutshell, by C. E. Hughes and Fred Buchanan (Jarrolds, 1s. 6d. net). This booklet with comic illustrations is a positive orgy of puns, distortions of names and book-titles. So resolute a punster as the author we have never read. Some of his efforts are good, some bad, some indifferent. It could hardly be otherwise, as he keeps at the game all the time. Euclid as the first Angler is good, but not original. The sport was introduced by the "Angler-Saxons." Dry fishing was invented by "Eleanor Bligh, the wife of the Judicious Hooker." S. L. Clemens was a persistent billiard player, and people who saw him playing "will never forget the fervour of excitement with which he directed the scorer to Mark Twain." As it takes all sorts to make a world, many doubtless will enjoy the persistent bombardment of fun. More judicious persons know that a joke requires the relief of a serious context to show it up well. The best of the illustrations is that which shows a cyclist avoiding punctures by a heavy roller attached in front of the machine.

M' Lord of the White Road, by Cedric D. Fraser (Books, 7s. 6d. net), is a romance of the days when murder and robbery on the high roads were common, and duels part of the education of a gentleman. John Shale, a Kentish farmer, has thrust on him the personality of Lord Anderley (or Lord Geoffrey Anderley as he calls himself, though he is a peer) after his death, and has to rescue and woo his destined bride. Shale turns out after many adventures to be Lord Anderley's first cousin, and succeeds to the title in accordance with the peerage law of novelists. The faithful servant (who acquiesces in the swindle) and the fencing of the farmer are a bit of a nuisance.

The Ways of Laughter, by Harold Begbie (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d. net), purports to be the story of Matthew Barnett, and how he sets himself to be the apostle of laughter to his friends and acquaintances, in particular to the celebrated Professor Napper and his daughter Mary—with evil results in the latter case. The book would have been more enjoyable if the story had been left out, and the criticism of modern life put in the form of light essays such as the author can write. Still, we must take what he gives us; without looking too closely at its form, it has the merits a practised writer could not fail to give it.

With a Great Price, by Mrs. Hugh Walker (O'Connor, 8s. 6d. net) is a story of the Welsh Church, its merits and demerits. The chapel folk, allowing for difference in nationality, are nearly as good as those in Mrs. Oliphant's 'Salem Chapel,' and the young minister, William Ellis the third, is, or would be if he were less perfect, a model of the Welsh evangelist such as Borrow drew, though seen in a mist of romance. We are afraid that the picture of conditions in Wales as regards the prospects of the Church among Nonconformists is too good to be true. A very interesting and quite well-written story.

A Prince in Petrograd, by Edgar Jepson (Odhams, 8s. net), is the latest contribution of this expert in the art of keeping the reading public amused. Of course, it is pure extravagance, and those who do not like Mr. Jepson's attitude towards life will by this time have learnt to avoid his books; but it is excellent of its kind. The story tells of an Englishman in Petrograd under the Bolsheviks, and the conversation of the two girls he rescues is not only killing funny, but reads almost like a transcript from life.

Breaking Covert, by S. P. Mais (Richards, 8s. 6d. net). We suspect Mr. Mais of deliberately setting out to write a "popular" novel instead of the "literary" works approved by his artistic conscience. It is not an easy thing to do, and he is only partly successful. He relies too much on coincidence for his effects, and he begins by telling us that a landed proprietor can lose his estate without knowing it. There is some excellent hunting; the book is a good imitation of Mr. Locke's later manner; and we prefer it immensely to the author's recitals of the love affairs of libidinous ushers.

The Wrong Twin, by Harry Leon Wilson (Lane, 8s. 6d. net). In this story the creator of Ma Pettengill has devoted himself to a description of the life of the American small town. His story is not so funny as 'Bunker Bean,' he has created no character as great as Ma Pettengill, and as a mine of picturesque language it is a little disappointing. Of twin brothers, one is adopted by the local banker, the other is left to grow unchecked. The result is that the unwanted boy turns out a true American, while the other becomes an armchair pacifist. Mr. Wilson is an author to be followed; we recommend our readers to put him on their library list.

North England, by Rodwell Jones (Routledge, 6s. net), is an economic geography. It seeks to interest teachers and senior students in a theme of abiding interest. 'North England' is a small book, and it is, perhaps, a pity Mr. Jones did not deal with his theme on bigger lines, giving less geographical detail and devoting the space gained to the historical circumstances under which the various industries arose in particular localities. Few junior students have time for a special study of economic geography, whereas all secondary school history lessons in Yorkshire and Lancashire would benefit by including the facts set out in Mr. Jones's book. Some of the charts, such as that of Hull in the fourteenth century, are most interesting.

The September Magazines

In the *Fortnightly* if Sir Oliver Lodge does not leave us with a very clear idea of 'Einstein's Real Achievement,' he at least marks out for us the preliminary steps which have been taken by predecessors like Clerk Maxwell, Larmor, and Lorentz, and tells us that Einstein has extended Maxwell's equations by including a time-factor, given a further hypothesis about gravitation compatible with higher astronomy, and expressed it in a system of hyper-geometry. Mr. Holford Knight discusses American views of the right to capture enemy merchant ships. Mr. Bensusan's article on 'State Aid and the Farmer' examines recent legislation from the stand-points respectively of the owner-farmer, the tenant-farmer, and the labourer, and incidentally displays the mischief wrought by applying urban rules to agricultural conditions. Mr. Randall describes some less-known stories of Henry James under the misleading title of 'Henry James as Humanist,' and Mr. Herbert Vivian is entertaining in 'The New Venice.' Dr. Hogarth attempts to divine what would have been Lord Cromer's policy in Egypt if he were alive and in power to-day. Mr. Wright's versions from the *Palatine Anthology* are scholarly but uninspired.

The *London Mercury* publishes this month the first instalment of an episode in Mr. George Moore's romance, omitted in the published form, entitled 'Peronnik the Fool.' It is written in the author's later, breathless style—almost as unsuitable a one as could have been chosen for a mediaeval story. A report from a Blue Book fills worthily the place of a dissertation on 'What is Art?' and Mr. Shanks pays tribute to Mr. Belloc's competent versatility, and wide range of unpredictable interests. The accounts of national literatures are devoted this month to America, Italy, and Ireland, in the latter of which the pernicious balderdash of Mrs. J. R. Green is treated as history. A bibliography of Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch ought to have put such books as 'The Oxford Book of English Verse' into large print among his important work. Mr. Powys is good on 'Architecture.' In other critical papers we get a great deal too much of Signor Croce, the latest discovery, in translation, of our literary guides, and Dr. Marett, the wittiest of Oxford Dons, is delightfully incisive in a review of recent 'Anthropology.' Mr. Robert Graves writes four poems with lines like "And find them bound by natural laws," and there are more normal verses by Mr. Vachel Lindsay, Lord David Cecil and Miss Sackville-West.

Blackwood is, as usual, full of good stories and good writing. The new serial, by Klaxon, makes a promising start and 'Musings without Method' are devoted to the latest methods of teaching the classics by Professors who are ignorant of Latin even. 'Greek Literature for the Greekless' may have some merits, but not when the student of Greek at third-hand lacks the patience to read even a "crib." 'Bare Forests' is a good account of some buffalo shooting in the Indian jungle.

Cornhill is a very good number. Mr. Brown gives us some more Elizabethan Lyrics from a manuscript song-book. Mr. Gordon describes the 'Game-Birds of the Plains' in Western Canada, and Mr. G. W. Young continues his reminiscences of his early climbing in 'Hills and a Boy.' The serial grows in interest and the other articles are quite up to standard.

The *World's Work* this month is notable for the first instalment of the life and letters of the late American Ambassador, Mr. Walter H. Page. They are interesting and valuable, not only as throwing a side-light on the international politics of a very trying time, but as showing how a clever man and trained journalist may make wrong deductions from simple facts and generalise from insufficient observation, such as that of the wreaths at King Charles's monument in Whitehall. This practice only began in the early nineties, and one of the principals in the matter was a Dutch Jew, of sardonic humour. An unpublished cartoon by Max, not one of his best but quite good, gives permanent value to the number. The close of the Bolshevik rule in Hungary is described by Mr. Gregory, and there are the usual scientific and topographical articles. A very interesting number.

In the *National Review* Major Lefebvre calls attention to the need for supervision of the great chemical works as potential munition factories of the next war; Miss Pitt has a good nature article on 'The Kingfisher'; Lord Edward Cecil's account of 'A Day on the Suez Canal' describes the preparations for blowing up a wreck and the complications involved very amusingly; while Ajax is very bitter on 'Lord Chelmsford's Viceroyalty.' A thoroughly characteristic number.

In the *Mercure de France* readers will turn to another article by M. Georges Maurevert on the decay of old families in France. As an example 314 noble families are mentioned in 31 charters of the reign of Philip Augustus (1180-1208); of these there were only 12 representatives in 1844. Of 5,000 crusading nobles, only 177 families remained, and many of them had little title to the names they bear. Dr. Huot has an account of the religious beliefs of some central African negroes, and the standing features of the magazine are as good as ever.

The *Geographical Journal* for this month contains the second part of Mrs. Rosita Forbes's account of her expedition into the Sahara. An expedition, equally dangerous and equally interesting was that of a reconnaissance of over 10,000 miles in unmapped regions round the Pamirs during the closing years of the war, undertaken to check the German attempts to organise a new Mongol descent on India.

Books of the Week

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

- MORE ESSAYS ON BOOKS. By A. Clutton Brock. Methuen: 6s. net.
 PASTICHE AND PREJUDICE. By A. B. Walkley. Heinemann: 7s. 6d. net.
 PORTRAITS OF THE NINETIES. By E. T. Raymond. Fisher Unwin: 15s. net.
 SHAKESPEARE'S TREATMENT OF LOVE AND MARRIAGE. By C. H. Herford. Fisher Unwin: 10s. 6d. net.
 TIRED RADICALS AND OTHER PAPERS. By Walter Weyl. New York, Huebsche: \$2.

SCIENCE

- AGGREGATION AND FLOW OF SOLIDS. By Sir George Beilby. Macmillan: 20s. net.
 RELATIVITY AND THE UNIVERSE. By Harry Schmidt. Translated by K. Wichman. Methuen: 5s. net.

HISTORY

- EUROPE AND BEYOND. 1870-1920. By J. A. R. Marriott. Methuen: 6s. net.
 OUR HELLENIC HERITAGE. By H. R. James. Macmillan: 6s. net.
 THE HISTORY OF WESTERN EDUCATION. By William Boyd. Black: 15s. net.
 WINCHESTER: ITS HISTORY, BUILDINGS AND PEOPLE. By the W.C.A.S. Second Edition. Winchester, Wells.

VERSE

- IN THE COMET'S HAIR. By Danford Barney. Elkin Mathews: 5s. net.
 POEMS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY. By Walter Ray. Elkin Mathews: 3s. 6d. net.

FICTION

- DAVID THE SON OF JESSE. By Marjorie Strachey. Cape: 7s. 6d.
 IF WINTER COMES. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Hodder & Stoughton: 7s. 6d. net.
 LAURA CREIGHTON. By Elinor Mordaunt. Hutchinson: 8s. 6d. net.
 POOR WHITE. By Sherwood Anderson. Cape: 8s. 6d. net.
 THE SHADOW OF ASTRAL. By Louis Plante. California, Austin Publishing Company: \$2.50.
 THE TOP LANDING. By Percy G. Brebner. Fisher Unwin: 7s. 6d. net.
 THE YELLOW SPIDER. By John Charles Beecham. Methuen: 6s. net.
 VERA. By the author of 'Elizabeth and Her German Garden.' Macmillan: 7s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

- A GALLERY OF GAMES. By Fougasse. Cape: 2s. 6d. net.
 CONSUMERS' CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES. By Charles Gide. Fisher Unwin: 8s. 6d. net.
 DICTIONARY OF ORGANS AND ORGANISTS. Second Edition. Mate: 12s. 6d. net.
 MY DOLLY'S HOUSE. By Doris Davey after Helen Winter. Simpkin: 10s. 6d. net.
 THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE BIBLE. By G. G. Coulton. Second Edition. Simpkin: 2s. net.
 THE SCHOOL OF LIFE. By Charles T. Smith. Grant Richards. 6s. net.

A Library List

- Across the Sahara: Kufara. By Rosita Forbes. Cassell.
 A Few Short Runs. By Lord Harris. Murray.
 Astarte. By Ralph, Earl of Lovelace. Christopher.
 At the Supreme War Council. By Peter E. Wright. Nash.
 Back to Methuselah. A Metabiological Pentateuch. By George Bernard Shaw. Constable.
 *Coquette. By Frank Swinnerton. Methuen.
 Dante. 1321-1921. Essays in Commemoration. Hodder and Stoughton.
 Instructions to Young Sportsmen in all that relates to Guns and Shooting. By Lt.-Col. P. Hawker, edited by Eric Parker. Jenkins.
 *Joanna Godden. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Cassell.
 Life and Letters of John Gay. By Lewis Melville. O'Connor.
 *Memoirs of a Midget. By Walter de la Mare. Collins.
 Modern Democracies. By James, Lord Bryce. Macmillan.
 *Our Little Life. J. G. Sime. Grant Richards.
 Queen Victoria. By Lytton Strachey. Chatto and Windus.
 *Rich Relatives. By Compton Mackenzie. Cecker.
 Roving East and Roving West. By E. V. Lucas. Methuen.
 Streaks of Life. By Ethel Smyth. Longmans.
 *The Death of Society. By Romer Wilson. Collins.
 The Irish Situation. By Stephen Gwynn. Cape.
 The Peace Negotiations. By Robert Lansing. Constable.
 The Press and the General Staff. By Neville Lytton. Collins.
 The South Sea Bubble. By Lewis Melville. O'Connor.
 With the Battle Cruisers. By Filson Young. Cassell.

*An asterisk against the title of a book signifies that it is Fiction.

The City

This Department of THE SATURDAY REVIEW will shortly come under the charge of Mr. Hartley Withers, at present Editor of 'The Economist.'

THE STOCK MARKETS

BUSINESS is not expanding as rapidly as might be desired and none of the movements recently started has proved to have any staying power, interest in Home Rails, Kaffirs and Industrials having died down, while Oil shares made a poor response to the agreement between the Mexican Government and the American producing companies. The Irish impasse, with its unpleasant financial possibilities, is blamed for the abstention of the public, but the Trades Union Congress, as usual, has a damping influence. While Government stocks are neglected there is a good demand for high-yielding Industrial Debenture Stocks and Preference shares. Argentine Rails continue to respond to the settlement of the freight rates question, but Brazilian rails are neglected despite the credit granted by the Government to the Great Western of Brazil. The speculative possibilities of Grand Trunk junior stocks, to which we referred last week, have received recognition, and Grand Trunk Pacific 4% Debenture Stock has been recovering. In the Foreign market the salient feature is the slump in German Threes which were recently described as being still too high.

INDUSTRIALS

The market in textiles was not unduly alarmed by the Bureau's report indicating a crop of 7,037,000 bales, since it is known that the carry-over from last season amounted to 9,194,000 bales and provided only half of this is usable for spinning there should be no shortage of the raw material. The rise in cotton prices improves the value of the stocks held, and so far as the demand for textile goods is concerned recent events in India are likely to result in stronger measures against Mr. Gandhi, with his boycott of British goods. Textile shares consequently hold up fairly well, though some profit-taking has followed the recent rise. In the Iron and Steel group the satisfactory Guest Keen report created a demand for the Second Preference shares. Baldwins Debs. have also been wanted, and General Elec. Debs. formed a very popular investment, British Insulated Cables Debs. also moving up several points. Cammell & Lairds and Palmer's Shipbuilding declined on the passing of the dividends. Gas stocks and Shipping shares have derived some assistance from cheaper coal, and Brewers from the new Act, though Guinness as well as Dunlops reflected Irish selling. Whiteleys were helped by the maintenance of the interim dividend, but the passing of the International Paint dividend caused a fall in the shares.

RUBBER MARKET

The leading secretarial and agency firm for rubber plantation companies, Messrs. Harrisons & Crosfield, have just published an informative review of the rubber situation in the course of which they strongly urge cessation of output for a few months, so as to bring about a reduction in the heavy stocks now overhanging the market. The opinion is expressed that the world's consumption this year will be about equal to the modified production. It has long been obvious, however, that much more drastic restriction of output than is at present being practised is necessary if the present surplus is to be reduced within a reasonable space of time, and it is to be hoped that the advice in question will be acted upon without delay. Another important aspect of the problem, namely that of stimulating consumption, is now being seriously taken in hand by the Rubber Growers' Association, so that, with these two influences at work, it seems reasonable to look forward to gradually improving conditions in the industry.

RUBBER TRUSTS

The report of the Rubber Plantations Investment Trust, now about due, is being anticipated with mixed feelings. As the shares provide one of the most representative and marketable counters in the Rubber group, they have been a centre of attraction to the bears since the slump set in, and have fallen from 48s. 6d. last year to the region of 10s. Latterly the shares have been a little stronger, the explanation offered being that the report is likely to be less unfavourable than is commonly anticipated. But the real cause of the rally is bear covering. It is idle to suppose that the concern can have had anything but a bad season. The maintenance of its extensive tea estates in Sumatra in these depressed times is alone a heavy burden, apart from large holdings in plantation companies that are at present operating at a loss. Probably the general meeting will be awaited with even more interest than the report and balance sheet, for it is usually made the occasion for an authoritative survey of the rubber situation from a broad standpoint.

A report is issued by Banting Estates for the financial year ended April, which shows that some rubber companies, at least, are still paying their way. A profit of £6,589 is indicated, and with the balance brought in, the company has £23,936 to bring forward to the current year. The average price of 1/4.83 realized for the rubber crop, gave a profit of 2.34d. per lb. This relatively good showing is evidently due to forward sales made last year. Whether the company has any more rubber to deliver under forward contract this year or not, it appears well equipped financially to tide over the bad time through which the industry is passing.

GUEST KEEN REPORT

The report of Guest Keen and Nettlefolds, the well-known iron, steel and colliery undertaking, has had an encouraging effect in the Industrial group, for the results shown are distinctly good for a period so beset with difficulties as has been that of the last 12 months. The accounts deal with the year ended 30th June and show a credit balance of £810,101 or only about £50,000 less than the profit earned in the previous year. After paying 5%, free of tax, on the 1st and 2nd Preference shares, 10%, tax free, is distributed on the Ordinary share capital, leaving a balance of £264,098 to carry forward, which is slightly in excess of the amount brought in from last year. Within the period covered by the accounts, the company has acquired a controlling interest in the coal distributing firm of L. Guéret & Co., also in that of Bayliss, Jones & Bayliss of Wolverhampton, together with a large interest in the Crown Preserved Coal Company. The offer to the Preference shareholders of John Lysaght, Ltd., of which Guest Keen's already own the Ordinary shares, to exchange their holdings for the second Preference in the latter, has been accepted to the extent of 394,425 shares. It

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will be interesting to learn what the chairman has to say as to iron and steel prospects at the general meeting to be held in Birmingham on 15th September.

CHINESE LOANS

Following upon our recent note contending that Chinese loans were overvalued came the announcement that the half-yearly interest due on August 28th on the 8 per cent. Ten-year sterling (Marconi) bonds has not been paid, holders having been informed that the necessary funds had not yet been received from China. It is not suggested that the delay in paying the coupon is anything more than temporary and it is recalled that a similar hitch occurred in connection with the interest on the 8 per cent. Treasury Notes issued to Vickers, Ltd. But the development does not suggest that the finances of China are in such apple-pie order as is implied by the quotation of the Fives of 1896 at little more than a point below the level of our own War Loan Fives. We still think that holders, except those to whom the gamble involved by the annual drawings is an attraction, would do well to exchange from the former into the latter. As a speculation for drawings, with equally good security for interest, we prefer the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. 1898 loan which at about 72 offers greater possibilities of profit on drawn bonds.

TEA SHARES

The Tea share market keeps in very good fettle, and but for the reluctance of holders to part with shares considerably more activity would be witnessed. There seems very little risk in purchasing good-class Tea shares now. Last year's losses were mainly due to the half-crown rupee, but now that the exchange is back to the pre-war level estate costs are enormously reduced. The crop shortage this season is another important factor. Not only have the growers substantially reduced their output, but climatic conditions also have made for much smaller crops. This influence is already beginning to tell on the commodity market where prices seem likely to rise further rather than to slip back. For ultimate capital appreciation well selected Tea shares look a sound lock-up investment.

THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

After a long period of suspense the Grand Trunk Arbitration Board handed down its judgment on Wednesday. It will be remembered that the Act for the acquisition of the Grand Trunk Railway was passed on May 11, 1920, and that the Board of Arbitration was appointed to decide the sum to be paid to the Canadian Government. Sir Thomas White represented the Government, Mr. Taft, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, the shareholders, and Sir Walter Cassels, Chief Justice of the Exchequer Court of Canada, acted as third arbitrator.

A SHATTERING REPORT

The majority of the arbitrators, Mr. Taft dissenting, declare that the stock of the company is without any value. The stock which was arbitrated on was the first, second, and third preference and ordinary common stock, with a total value of £37,000,000. Sir Thomas White, in summarising the judgment, says:—"The actual earning power of the Grand Trunk Railway before, during, and since the war, and, so far as can be estimated, for the future, does not justify the assumption that any profits would from the date of the acquisition by the Government of the preference and common shares—viz., May, 1920—ever have been available for distribution to the holders thereof, after providing for the contingent liability of the company in respect of the Grand Trunk Pacific securities guaranteed by the company and dividends upon the guaranteed stock. Having regard to its own continuing heavy deficit, the necessity for making pro-

vision for deferred and extraordinary maintenance and capital construction and heavy liabilities in respect of the securities of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company bearing its guarantee, the Grand Trunk Railway Company, but for the financial support of the Government since May, 1920, must have been forced into a receivership. Upon these conclusions I find that the preference and common stock of the Grand Trunk has no value. Any question as to compassionate consideration of the shareholders must be for the Government and Parliament of Canada to deal with, and not for this Board."

Sir Walter Cassels adds:—"I have given the best consideration I am capable of to the important question submitted for our consideration, and I am of the opinion that there is no value in any of the four classes of stock. Of the equitable or moral considerations that are to be considered those who control the public funds must deal with the question, not the Board."

Mr. Taft in his dissenting judgment declares that "for those who desire to do justice and equity the claims of the dissenting shareholders challenge attention." He does not, however, attach any stated value to the stock. In his statement he criticizes the London management of the road, saying "great praise is due to the officials of the road in Canada. Had the policy of the company as dictated from London been as prudent and wise as that of the officials here the fate of the company might have been vastly different."

BIG JUMP IN COTTON

Our Manchester Correspondent writes:—Since a week ago there has been a further important advance in raw cotton rates. This development has surprised local traders. Manchester has a reputation for always being bearish and when prices began to go up the opinion was expressed that the rise could not be maintained. Numerous firms have certainly been badly hit by recent developments as many instances are being mentioned of operators being "caught short." During the last few days Lancashire spinners have bought heavily in raw cotton in Liverpool. Users who produce high quality yarns are now distinctly afraid of a scarcity of good material. At the end of last week the Government report on the American crop was very bullish and during the last few days private advices have been worse than ever. There is a possibility of the production this season being less than 7,000,000 bales and the quality is said to be very poor as a result of the limited use of fertilizers by farmers. During the week American cotton has advanced $5\frac{1}{2}$ d. a lb. from 9d. to $14\frac{1}{2}$ d. and Egyptian cotton has risen $6\frac{1}{2}$ d. a lb. from $17\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 24d.

STOCKS APPRECIATE IN VALUE

Leading authorities are of opinion that the marked rise in raw cotton will not be a bad thing for Lancashire. For over a year merchants have been seriously handicapped by the fall in the value of stocks of manufactured goods and big losses have been entailed as a result of the depreciation. This tendency has now been stopped and it is estimated that supplies in hand are worth nearly 25 per cent. more than a month ago. Clearances will now be effected on a much more favourable basis. So far spinners and manufacturers have not booked many orders of weight, but a considerable business has been done in stock lots. The response on the part of customers abroad to the new level of prices is disappointing, and as in the early stage of the rising tendency there was no attempt to follow, the gap between offers and ruling prices is now too wide to be bridged.

BLEACHING CHARGES

During the last few weeks there has been some expectation of calico printers and bleachers reducing their charges, and customers have been slow to place orders with finishing concerns. On behalf of the Bleaching



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THE MINING MARKET

The cheapness of money has proved of no particular advantage to the Mining Market. Kaffirs have been subjected to profit snatching, and possibly the downward movement has not been regretted by the controlling groups, whom, it may be assumed, are not desirous of a boom, until the question of the ex-enemy held shares is definitely decided. Very little attention is being shown to the variations in the currency price of gold, as it is generally recognised that the chief claim of South African Gold Mining shares to public support is reduction of expenses, rather than the existence of a premium on the output, which must decrease as the economic position of the country improves. Randfonteins have been bought from Johannesburg, the prospects of the company being now considered to be more promising than has been the case for some time. Such shares as Central Mining, Crown Mines, City Deep, Rand Mines, Brakpans, Consolidated Mines Selection, Geduld, Modders, Modder Deep, and Springs Mines are all worth buying at present prices. The sympathetic speech of General Smuts at Cape Town with regard to the absorption of Rhodesia by the Union, created a good demand for chartered shares. Bwana M'Kubwas have been active on the reported arrangement for reconstruction, while the recent rich strike on the Lonely Mine has led to appreciation in the shares. Diamond shares have been bought from the Cape, and sold by Paris. There has been some support for West Africans, while the improvement in the price of Tin has led to some enquiry for Nigerians; Bisichis and Ropps being favourably regarded. Tintos have been supported by the Continent owing to the better copper position. Russo-Asiatics have been quiet pending definite news from Moscow.

LORD BUXTON'S COMMITTEE

Lord Buxton suggested in the report of his committee, formed to consider the position of Southern Rhodesia, that a draft constitution should be prepared by the Colonial office, that such scheme should be considered by a deputation from the Legislative Council of Rhodesia, and then submitted to the Electors of Southern Rhodesia for adoption or rejection. The deputation stopped on its way at Cape Town to interview General Smuts, and to ascertain what terms would be offered if the country were absorbed into the Union. The General was sympathetic, and suggested a conference to make its report before the scheme for responsible government was submitted to a referendum. The Cave award gave the company $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions for its expenditure, while the Buxton Committee allocated of this award $1\frac{1}{2}$ millions as the sum to be taken over by any responsible Government, the remainder to be secured on the unsold land of the colony. There is a matter of 2 millions in dispute between the Chartered Company and the British Government, the former contending that the amount was spent on behalf of the Imperial Authorities, while the Government maintain that it was an advance to the company. If a responsible Government were granted to the Colony, the sum to be received by the Chartered Company could not exceed $1\frac{1}{2}$ millions—*vide* Buxton report—and might be nothing at all if the British Government should insist upon repayment of the alleged advance, the advance

being added to the present lien on the land. If the country is absorbed by the Union, this suspense account would be accepted as a war expenditure by the Union, which would also take over the amount of the Cave award, as well as the railways, so that altogether some $5\frac{1}{2}$ millions would be received by the company, while if Northern Rhodesia were included in the deal, the total would be swelled to $6\frac{3}{4}$ million, against an issued capital of 9 millions and a debenture debt of $1\frac{1}{4}$ millions.

OIL MARKET NOTES

The feature of the market during the last week has been the persistent buying on Paris account of Mexican Eagle, and the price has risen from $4\frac{3}{4}$ to $5\frac{1}{4}$ —many thousands of shares have been taken off the London and Glasgow markets. Shells have also been bought for Paris account, but in much smaller lots, and the price is $\frac{1}{2}$ higher at $5\frac{1}{16}$. Royal Dutch are a good market at $41\frac{1}{4}$ showing a rise of £2. Lobitos have been enquired for and have improved from $3\frac{3}{4}$ to $3\frac{15}{16}$. The Trinidad group remained firm, Trinidad Leaseholds showing a rise of $\frac{3}{32}$ at $2\frac{1}{32}$. The Russian group have been enquired for but prices remain unchanged. Burmah oil close $\frac{1}{16}$ harder at $5\frac{13}{16}$. The volume of business has been very small except in Mexican Eagle.

WORLD PRODUCTION

Production of oil throughout the world in 1921, based on the figures in respect of the first six months of the year, is running at the rate of 775,000,000 barrels. This is an increase of 162,000,000 barrels over the annual average of 1919 and 1920. Truly stupendous figures, and, of course, the United States and Mexico are chiefly responsible for the gains, their proportion of the world output now being estimated at 97%, as compared with 69% during the period 1911-1914. The first six months of the present year gave America—with 236,508,000 barrels—a record production for any corresponding period. This represented an approximate increase of 12% on the first half of 1920. Just how the Mexican end of production is to be held up during the latter half of this year is exercising the minds of watchful mentors in the United States, who, quite in keeping with their usual bias, would now have mitigation of the tax situation as something not very materially affecting the outlook. This, too, despite the methodical "business as usual" policy being prosecuted by what is termed the "British" or Royal Dutch-Shell interests, who are increasing rather than decreasing their activities.

U.S. AND MEXICAN RELATIONS

Since our last issue events of importance have transpired, bearing on the oil side of United States and Mexican relationships, and judging by the cabled reports, once again the Mexican courts and government have disappointed those who would deny probity to the one and statesmanship to the other. The courts rule out "confiscation," and the government has acceded to such modification of the tax imposts as completely to satisfy the interests affected. Which means a more or less whole-hearted return to ordinary working conditions in the oil fields. It required no special gift of prophecy to foresee this result, so steadily advanced in this column during the progress of the dispute. It will certainly help the intelligence phase of Mexican oil affairs now that New York has its branch of the Mexican Financial Agency. This bureau, even if regarded as a special pleader, should play an important rôle in establishing correct perspective. Incidentally it is of interest to quote from its most recent bulletin the following equivalents in United States currency for the total taxes as applying to oil: Per barrel, light crude 35.454, heavy crude 22.992, fuel oil 30.682, crude gasoline 137.354, crude kerosene 43.672.

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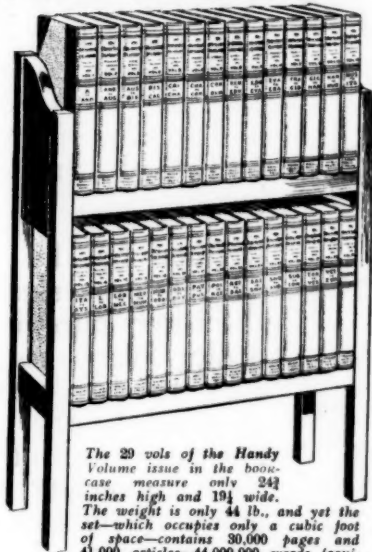
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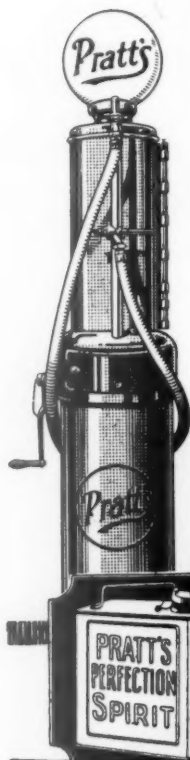


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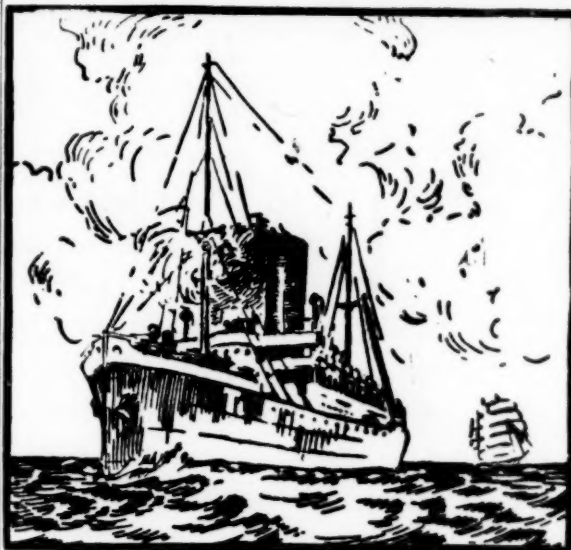
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